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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 241
THE NEXT FIVE YEARS 243
PEIPING'S NEW LOOK. By Andrew Roth . . 244
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 245
MOTHERS' DAY. By Sagittarius . . . 245
THIS ENGLAND 245
BRAVE NEW WORLD IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA—II. By Alexander Werth 246
FULL-TIME SPECIALISTS 247
BURMA KALEIDOSCOPE. By Woodrow Wyatt, M.P. 247
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus . . . 248
DIFFIDENTLY. By Palomides . . . Page 248
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
Music. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor . . 249
The Theatre. By T. C. Worsley . . . 249
Radio Notes. By William Salter . . . 250
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 251
CORRESPONDENCE 251
From Frank Launder; Michael Clarke; P. Panteluris; Michael Padev; D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P.; John Armstrong; Thelma Geldenhuys; T. W. Boyce; S. Graham; John Corner Spokes; Rose Macaulay; H. P. Garwood; and J. F. C. Fuller.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . Page 255
REVIEWS:
Man and His Environment. By C. E. M. Joad 256
Sweet Thames, Run Softly. By G. W. Stonier 256
Trustees. By Freda White 258
New Novels. By Simon Harcourt-Smith . 258
Kitchener's Army. By Philip Toynbee . 259
The Happy Childhood. By Dr. Letitia Fairfield 260
The Dance. By Anita Brookner . . . 261
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 262

THE DEFENCE DILEMMA

THE defence debates leave the impression that we are drifting into acceptance of rearmament without any clear picture of either ends or means. While all agree that Europe cannot survive another war, the strategists are busy. But have even they a clear idea of the objectives? If the task were simply to ensure Britain's ability to resist invasion, the problem on paper for the planners would be relatively easy: they would probably find little difficulty in agreeing on the scale of the defensive force, measured in terms of naval units, fighter aircraft and ground troops, which would afford reasonable security against any possible enemy landing by sea or air. But this simple insular conception of security is obviously not the basis on which British defence strategy is being formulated. With the acquiescence, if not so far the positive endorsement of Parliament, additional commitments are clearly being assumed by this country as a signatory of the Brussels Pact and as signatory designate to the Atlantic Pact. We shall be expected both by the United States and by our Continental neighbours to make a suitable contribution to the joint defence of Western Union. It is the nature of that contribution which is the still obscure factor in the defence equation.

The military case for the Atlantic Pact is that the West is exposed to the threat of armed Soviet invasion. There is absolutely no evidence that Moscow intends such a step. But on the hypothesis, which is evidently accepted by Western military planners, that in certain conceivable circumstances the U.S.S.R. might decide to attempt a "preventive" occupation of Western Europe, it is obvious that the one naturally defensible position for Western Union is the 500-mile line of the Rhine, prolonged northwards by inundations across Holland. The strength of the forces which the Soviet Union and its allies could quickly bring to bear against that line, without full preparatory mobilisation, can perhaps be put at about 50 divisions, of which 10-15 would be armoured, and in whose support there would be strong fighter and short-range bomber cover. The ground troops at present available for the defensive planning of Field Marshal Montgomery and his Commanders-in-Chief Committee are generally understood to consist of 14-15 weak divisions (3 armoured), which could be reinforced rapidly by perhaps 4 additional British and French divisions from Britain, North Africa and the Middle East. Since further reinforcements of ground troops for Western Union defence could not be forthcoming for some months, and since an attacking Soviet force could be quickly built up to at least 100 divisions, with a proportionate increase in tactical air support, it is glaringly obvious that, on the ground, the defence resources are pitifully inadequate for their hypothetical task. Moreover, the foregoing calculations assume optimistically that the Western garrisons in Germany could be extricated across the Rhine; and no provision has been made for the protection either of Denmark and Norway or of North-Eastern Italy.

In strictly military terms, therefore, it follows that one of two alternatives must be chosen. Reliance can be placed primarily on Anglo-American long-range bomber superiority, coupled with the use of atomic weapons, to serve not merely as a general deterrent to Russian aggression, but, if that fails, as a means of sterilising a No-Man's Land from Switzerland to the North Sea which would at least delay the Red Army's advance and give time for the Western Union defence forces to fall back across the Channel and behind the Pyrenees. Britain, Spain and North Africa would thus be bases from which an American counter-invasion of Western Europe could eventually be launched. Alternatively, if it be decided that France, Benelux and Western Germany must not be regarded strategically as expendable, then—unless the desperate and politically disastrous course of rearming Western Germany be adopted—the U.S. forces stationed in Europe must be built up to a strength of at least 25 divisions, involving, with the necessary supporting troops, the despatch from the United States to Europe of an additional million men.

We do not believe that the American people are prepared to shoulder such a commitment, nor that the despatch to Europe of such a force could be taken without provoking the Soviet Union to preventive action. Indeed, Mr. John Foster Dulles, leading adviser to the Republican Party on foreign policy, has this week warned the United States that though, he holds, Russia is not planning to start a war "under prevailing conditions," the provision of large-scale American military aid to Scandinavia might of itself lead to war. The Russians, he argues, would consider that their home territory was being "immediately and seriously menaced." We agree. Yet the conclusion seems inescapable that, in default of a big addition to the American forces immediately available for the defence of the Rhine, the conception that Western Union can be defended *on the ground* becomes singularly unreal.

The real protection which Western Europe can look to in the improbable event of Russian invasion is the retaliatory power which the U.S.A. commends in the atomic field. This raises two questions. First, is there any sense in the European members of Western Union crippling their economic resources, and thus compromising both their recovery and their ability to withstand Communist infiltration, by endeavouring to maintain ground forces whose maximum strength would still be hopelessly inferior to that of the Soviet Union? Secondly, is the Atlantic Pact an instrument which really adds to the security of the Brussels Powers? Doubts whether this be so are already being expressed by sections of liberal opinion in the United States, where it is being argued, as we have done in this article, that, unless America undertakes the effective military occupation of Western Europe, the Atlantic Pact may actually increase the risks not merely of non-signatories like Sweden, but even of the European signatories themselves, since, without providing adequate defence, it may provoke the very attack which it is designed to deter.

In view of these considerations it is no matter for wonder if Britain's defence policy, as pre-

sented to Parliament, lacks clarity. Until the global plan for the defence of Western Union, as such, is settled, there is no basis for assessing either the correct composition of the R.A.F. or the size and structure of the Army; for we do not know whether we are expected primarily to co-operate with the United States in the recovery of Western European territory which is bound in the first instance to be lost, or whether we are being asked to provide sacrificial forces whose apparent destiny is to take part in the re-enactment of Dunkirk on a catastrophic scale.

Burma and Delhi

Thakin Nu's rejection of the offer of the Delhi Conference to mediate in the Burmese civil war is a reflection of his internal difficulties rather than of any unwillingness to co-operate with the Commonwealth nations. Indeed, the first step came from Burma, which desired to negotiate a loan by a bilateral arrangement with Great Britain. When the British Government informed the Burmese Premier that his Government's request for a loan concerned other South-East Asian Governments, he raised no objection to the informal Conference in New Delhi. But the Conference discussions evoked other problems: financial security demanded internal stability in Burma. Hence the suggestion of conciliation with the Karens, which was interpreted by the Burmans as outside the terms of reference of the Conference. The wording of the Indian Premier's speech seems to imply an inadmissible intervention in Burma's internal affairs. Further, the suggestion was thrown out in indiscreet statements by Dr. Evatt and others that the Burmese Government might be contemplating, or would be wise to contemplate, a return to the Commonwealth fold. When similar uncalled-for advice was recently given by an Australian business man with interests in Burmese mines, the Opposition press in Rangoon used it as the basis for a violent propaganda campaign against the present Burmese leaders. The same sequence was repeated after the New Delhi Conference, and Thakin Nu found it wise to refuse outside assistance in the Karen rebellion. The Burmese Government is in a dilemma. It holds Rangoon, Moulmein and other towns; it quickly recaptures aerodromes and railways when they are periodically seized by the rebels. No alternative Government is in sight; the Communists and P.V.O. rebels are as incapable as the Karens of uniting the country. But the various elements of revolt are strong enough to prevent the Thakin Nu administration from functioning. If Thakin Nu dare not accept outside help and does not receive financial aid, chaos and anarchy seem likely to be Burma's fate for a long time to come.

Marking Time in China

The resignation of Premier Sun Fo appears to represent a political victory for Li Tsung-jen, the acting President of Kuomintang China. Whereas Sun Fo followed the line laid down by Chiang Kai-shek—*i.e.*, to evacuate Nanking and Shanghai, form a defence line running West from Hanchow, and make Canton the capital of the South—Li Tsung-jen remained in Nanking, where he has now re-gathered the Legislative Yuan, and moved his well-equipped Kwangsi army, 150,000 strong, into the Nanking-Shanghai area. What effect the ascendancy of Li Tsung-jen will have on the slow-moving peace negotiations which Shao Li-tse's delegation is conducting with the Communists, it is difficult to judge. The acting President is credited with the aim of securing a compromise under which the formation of a Communist-led central coalition government would be balanced by a considerable degree of provincial autonomy. Meanwhile it seems evident that the Communists, whose entry into Peiping is described by a correspondent on a later page, are conscious of the dangers of taking over too quickly administrative problems for which they are acutely short of trained personnel.

The Senate Disposes

The Senate has been reminding Mr. Truman of the obstacles that the American Constitution sets between campaign promises and their fulfilment. The Fair Deal programme has made very little progress in recent weeks. The Labour Bill, which is to replace the Taft-Hartley Act, is still bogged down in the Senate Labour Committee, and the opposition arrayed against it has been sufficiently strong to make some union leaders despair of its passage, except in a form which would retain many of the stings in the Taft-Hartley Act and drop concessions that the unions urgently desire. In the Senate itself, the Democratic leaders have concentrated on an attempt to destroy the veto power which the right to filibuster endows upon a minority. This effort, of course, is being fought by the Senators from the South, to whom the filibuster is a vital weapon in the struggle against civil rights legislation. Democratic leaders were prepared to accept a rule permitting a two-thirds vote to close any debate. But Mr. Truman, who is showing signs of impatience and threatened recently to take the stump again if his programme is too much delayed, has now demanded a revision of the rules which would allow a mere majority of Senators present—which could mean just twenty-five, since forty-nine make a quorum—to bring an issue to the vote. On this issue he is facing defeat; and the bulk of his programme is jeopardised by this delay.

The Price of Espionage

Spying, today, is the career open to the talents. It was once the fashion to regard espionage as an unpleasant occupation, a *demi-monde* beyond the ambit of diplomatic conversation. The captured agent was disowned by his employers and quietly disposed of by his captors. In rare cases, the spy, retired from business, writes a successful book or is acclaimed as a hero. But convention as well as security demanded that the spy's career be unhonoured and unsung, except in fiction. In the United States, however, espionage is now being elevated to diplomatic status. No one any longer pretends that any opportunity for espionage will be missed, either by nations in the Soviet sphere or by the West. A great deal of time and money are being invested in Secret Intelligence—for a clear purpose. The House of Representatives has just passed a Bill which, for the first time, publicly states the rewards an entrant to the profession may expect. Entry is limited to one hundred "informants" from behind the Iron Curtain annually, but applicants may expect both financial satisfaction and American citizenship. This Bill illustrates the lengths to which the cleavage between East and West is driving us. While it is understandable that the United States should create a Central Intelligence Agency and, as another pending Bill proposes, an Official Secrets Act which could prevent newspapers from publishing dangerous information, open competition for spies is something new.

The Film Crisis

Since there is no general agreement about the cause of the crisis which besets the film industry, the various panaceas which have been put forward are largely incompatible. Each section of the industry has a particular axe to grind. To the producers, often unable to meet their costs even from successful films, the high percentage of the box-office takings retained by the exhibitors is the trouble. To the cinema proprietors, who are still doing pretty well, it seems that the fault lies in the extravagance and inefficiency of the producers. The studio staffs, who have been laid off in hundreds, regard the crisis as, in part at least, an attack on the unions—a belief given some substance by the selection of union militants for the first wave of dismissals. Each contention has some truth in it, but none tells the whole story. At bottom, the film industry is suffering from most of the ills to which private enterprise is heir, ranging from waste, inefficiency and monopoly, to uncertain employment and quarrels about the division of the spoils. No one denies the need for a drastic cut in production costs. But can this be achieved primarily by attacking the unions for "feather-bedding"? Bad management and faulty production planning and the saddling of the industry with excessive overheads are responsible for much avoidable expense. It is already clear that the crisis has overtaken the Government's timid measure to support independent producers through the Film Finance Corporation. It is not the independents who are now in serious difficulties, it is Mr. Rank's huge empire as well. The problem for the Board of Trade goes beyond the question whether to revise the 45 per cent. quota; it may have to consider solutions which go a good deal further than merely patching-up a structure which is fundamentally unsound.

Junior Partner

Britain has produced its first plutonium. Three and a half years after this atomic explosive was used to destroy Nagasaki and six years after it was produced at Chicago, this was headline news and, according to the Ministry of Supply announcement, "an important stage in Britain's atomic programme." It is even more significant of Anglo-American relations in atomic affairs. When the atomic pile was set up at Chicago to produce plutonium, Sir John Cockcroft and a team of British scientists were transferred to Montreal to be in close contact with the project. In default of full co-operation with the Americans, the British and Canadians had to set up the Chalk River plant in Northern Ontario to gain the preparatory experience which is now embodied in the Harwell Atomic Energy Research Station, where a small quantity of plutonium has now been produced. They are now in a position, with the small amount of plutonium produced by a low-powered experimental atomic pile, to work out the extremely tricky processes by which plutonium is separated from the original uranium and from other radioactive chemicals. These methods were sufficiently advanced in America in 194[illegible] for Americans to obtain enough material for Nagasaki bomb and have since been developed in the handling of considerable quantities, some of which have been made available for scientific work here. Britain has had to start from scratch.

The New Housing Bill

Mr. Bevan's latest Housing Bill carries out most of the recommendations made three years ago by the Silkin Committee on the conversion and improvement of existing dwellings. The delay in carrying the Silkin proposals into effect has presumably been deliberate: they had to wait until the necessary man-power could be spared without holding up either bomb-damage repair or new construction of an urgent kind. Now at last, both local authorities and private landlords are to be given financial help in bringing certain dwellings up to a reasonable habitable standard, wherever this can be done in such a way as to give them another thirty years' expectation of life. Local authorities are to get from the Exchequer three-quarters of the annual loss resulting from conversion; private landlords are to receive one-half of the capital cost incurred, and are allowed to increase rents up to 6 per cent. on their own share of the cost. At the same time the long obsolete limitation of State assistance to "working-class" housing is being removed, not only in this case but generally; and "middle-class" houses will be fully eligible for the new conversion grants. This is a thoroughly sensible step: it will make possible, in town and country alike, a large amount of renovation of dwellings which landlords could not possibly carry out themselves and will remove the need for tolerating the continued letting of insanitary dwellings on the ground that there is nowhere else for the inhabitants to go.

Gin Fit Court 12-12-19 Fagade Shortage

PARLIAMENT: Boys Will be Boys

Wednesday

"ASTOR ON NEPOTISM" has an authoritative sound. Behind the title lies a dynastic experience; the student might hope to find there the textbook of the theory and practice of jobs for the sons, grandsons, nephews and friends, the canon of commercial morality a study of some appointments. In view of this, there was regret that Astor, on the adjournment, only delivered a first volume about patronage in the nationalised industries, with the general argument that patronage is in the wrong hands.

Although only a handful of his colleagues stayed to hear it, Astor's speech expressed a widely felt chagrin among the Tories. Over a large part of industry and government, power has now passed to men whose policy in serving the public interest is different from that of the Tories, and, as the Socialists believe, better. If nationalisation is voted by Parliament, is the Minister, when all else is equal, entitled to prefer a supporter of nationalisation to one of its opponents? Astor scornfully quoted the former Minister of Fuel and Power as answering "Yes" to a similar question. The Minister's view was so self-evident to Labour Members that even two Lords of the Treasury, normally mute, were constrained to say "Hear! Hear!"

Their applause emphasised the single-mindedness of Labour's front and back benches, and the absence of personal enmity between the two. It was difficult not to contrast this harmony with the recent description by a Tory back-bencher of his front-benchers as "Gaiety girls." The Labour benches do indeed seem quite free from the petty jealousy that exists between the Tory second and third row chorus-boys and the girls of the front row.

Now, as long as Astor spoke about the principle of appointments, Labour Members were not disposed to describe his speech by any word stronger than "impertinence." But when he tried to draw a smear across Dalton's good name, the Party's gorge rose. Astor had said that "a sinister motive was imputed to those who associate with the late Chancellor of the Exchequer." In Dalton's absence, Mitchison spoke for the whole Government side when he called this statement a "dirty insinuation."

Bruce made an excellent and indignant reply to the charges of Party favouritism. He dug up a speech by Boyd-Carpenter at the Brighton Conservative Conference, which warned "industrial quislings"—Tory businessmen who do not resist nationalisation—of the dire consequences of betraying their industries (by supporting the Government's proposals). Was this, he asked, the political sabotage that the Tories wanted to encourage? This gave Astor, in Boyd-Carpenter's absence, the opportunity of dissociating himself from his Honourable Friend. It also gave Bruce the chance to argue—and illustrate his argument with a catalogue of the Tory Front Bench—that if the Government now has the power to make industrial appointments on its National Boards, big business has always made political appointments to its Boards of Directors.

The debate was wound-up by Glenvil Hall, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who explained the system of making appointments. Usually mild in his manner, he was on this occasion deeply resentful both of Astor's general theme, and of the vague aspersions which had been introduced into the debate by the Tories. His description of the Party opposite, "whose hands are dripping with the spoils of patronage both public and private" was one of the memorable metaphors of this Parliament.

As far as the Tories were concerned, the debate was inconclusive. But having answered the unjust charges of patronage, the Government was left with the problem of whether its appointments should be on a basis of purely technical qualification, or whether it should require in its directors of National Boards the attributes of public enterprise and imagination for which the Labour Movement stands. And should a Minister debar a man from an appointment merely because he knows him personally? On one principle of Astor's, all were agreed. "Intimacy," he had said, "does not preclude anybody." MAURICE EDELMAN

THE NEXT FIVE YEARS

DURING its first term of office the Labour Government has done a quite astonishing proportion of what it set out to do. Its outstanding achievements, of course, have been in the social services and in its successful management of an extremely difficult and complicated financial situation, involving both the regulation of the balance of payments and the control of incomes and expenditure at home. It has also, after a shaky start, done well with housing, and its agricultural policy has probably been, in face of all the difficulties, as good as circumstances allowed. In the field of nationalisation, its achievement is considerable in quantity; but it is too soon to judge of the results. The coal industry had to be nationalised: if it had not been, the degree of recovery actually accomplished would have been quite beyond the nation's reach; but no one pretends that, here or elsewhere, the right way of administering nationalised industries has yet been fully found.

In the social services, on the other hand, the Government's achievement has been massive—and almost entirely irreversible. It carries with it not only an assurance of a far ampler recognition of the basic rights of men and women than has ever been offered before, but also in effect a guarantee of a new approach to equality in the distribution of spendable incomes. Indeed, so much has been accomplished already, as far as legislation can accomplish it, in this field that there is little opportunity for further spectacular achievement in the near future, though, of course, much has still to be done to round off the services already inaugurated. In respect of the social services, the Labour Party will be bound to appeal to the electors next year rather on its record than with anything startlingly new.

There is, however, one field of Social Security in which the crucial test has not yet had to be faced. There has been no world slump, issuing from the United States, to test the Government's capacity to maintain full employment. This is not to say that the maintenance of a high demand for labour since 1945 has owed nothing to the Government's efforts. On the contrary, had it not been for the successful handling of the balance of payments crisis, this country might well have had to face severe unemployment because of sheer inability to purchase, in addition to indispensable foodstuffs, the raw materials needed for keeping our industries at work. That this could not have been done without American help does not detract from the achievement; for it could not have been done even with American help unless we had both practised austerity at home and shown great skill in managing our international economic affairs. Nevertheless, it remains true that the Government has been spared the complication of a world slump, which may have to be faced in the future, and should accordingly be taken very much into account in the forming of policy for the next five years.

Considerable discussion has been going on for some times past about the relative expediencies of "consolidation" and "extension" in the field of industrial ownership. Should the Labour Party come before the electors with an extensive new list of industries and services which it proposes to nationalise? Or should it call a halt for the time being, and try to solve, within the field already occupied, the problems of administration and control? It would obviously be possible to compile a longish list of industries and services which, on one ground or another, there is a strong case for taking over—shipping, shipbuilding, chemicals, flour-milling, aircraft manufacture, agricultural machinery, building materials, the canning industries, and (among services) water, joint-stock banking, and both industrial and other insurance. There is also a strong case for taking over a large amount of wholesale dealing in key commodities and a substantial part of trading in exports as well as imports. If the Labour Party is minded to embark on a further far-reaching nationalisation programme, there is still plenty of scope, even without invading the field of general manufacturing industry.

We doubt, however, whether this is the right way of approaching the problem at the present stage. In most of these cases, though there are good reasons for nationalisation, they are not imperative reasons such as applied to coal, electricity, gas, inland transport and, we believe, steel. The test, in respect of the next five years, should be mainly whether public ownership could make, in the short run, a real and significant difference either to the completion of economic recovery or to better-concerned planning with our neighbours in Europe, or, most important of all, to our ability to maintain full employment in face of a serious worsening of world economic conditions. On these grounds we should be disposed to give first preference of all to insurance in all its main branches, because of the greatly increased control over long-term capital investment which its acquisition would give the Government, as well as because a co-ordinated service could give the small policy-holder a fairer deal. There are, no doubt, some complications, especially in relation to the considerable amount of overseas insurance business transacted by British companies. But these difficulties are not insuperable; and further control over long-term investment would help greatly to insulate our economy against adverse world conditions.

For the rest, we should give the highest priority to those extensions of public ownership which could be used either to keep down prices for the home consumer or to assist the export drive. Agricultural machinery and some of the main building materials are well worth looking at from this point of view; and so are flour-milling (which involves complications with the Co-operative Societies) and petrol-refining. In the export field, motor cars and cotton offer obvious possibilities; and there are others, less obvious, in the formation of export trade corporations for particular markets, e.g., in Eastern Europe. But evidently, whatever is to be taken over, the larger part of manufacturing industry is likely to be left in private hands for some time to come; and this means that the effectiveness of Government planning, for both home and export markets, is bound to depend very largely on the extent of the control it is in a position to exercise over private industry.

In this field, the Monopolies Act is only a tiny first step, of which the effectiveness has still to be proved. Much more important is the extension of the "Control Board" technique, now on trial in the cotton industry, to cover a very much wider range. Hitherto, the employing interests have been putting up a successful fight against the mild pressure that has been put on them to accept even Development Councils as agencies for the collective public interest. As war controls are given up, a new and much simpler method will have to be worked out for ensuring that private firms neither exploit the consumer nor fail to make their proper contribution to the national production plan.

In some cases, this policy may itself involve some nationalisation, in forms to which too little attention has yet been given. Labour has thought hitherto mainly of taking over whole industries, and has given little thought to the possible alternative of buying out certain key firms, through which whole industries can be brought under pretty effective control. The boot and shoe industry, for example, hardly stands high up on the list of priorities, but it is dominated by a single combine, which holds the key patents and, instead of selling, only rents its machines to the boot and shoe producers. There are similar key positions in other industries, and key firms which could well be taken over and used to set a standard for firms left in private hands. There are

cases, too, in which large capital investment is needed for modernisation and could well be supplied by public agencies, so as to give the Government a majority control. The further advance of nationalisation may need to take, in large part, the form of "mixed" enterprises, in which the Co-operative Movement could well be asked, side by side with some public investment agency, to take a share.

Apart from the possibility of having to face an American slump, the next Government will have to take the steps that are needed for a closer integration of the economies of Western Europe, not at the expense of trade between East and West, but with a view to its concerted development. It is already pretty generally recognised that Western Europe cannot achieve economic recovery without a big expansion of mutual trade between the industrial West and the largely agricultural and raw-material-producing East. Great Britain, with its superior equipment of planning controls, is fitted to take the lead in this super-national economic planning. Such matters are difficult to reduce to terms of electoral appeal—or indeed to formulate at all clearly at the present stage. But they are of vital importance in future economic planning.

In sum, the Labour Party will need to appeal to the electorate next year less with new projects of nationalisation or of development of the social services—hitherto its strongest appeals—than on the strength of its record and its ability both to consolidate what it has well begun and to hold victories which it has achieved in the field of improved income distribution and of economic recovery in the face of the more than possible event of an unfavourable international economic situation. In order to do this, it will have to advance further on the nationalisation front but more rapidly on that of the effective control of private enterprise and investment. It will need to "consolidate" by facing up to the problems of control in nationalised industries and of wages policy in relation to the control of other forms of income—including higher salaries as well as profits and interests. It will be no more than its predecessor in a position to convert Great Britain into a Socialist country—a change for which electoral opinion is not yet ripe—but it should not be less Socialist. Even if it nationalises fewer industries, it should set out greatly to strengthen its control of the whole economic system and to render once and for all irrevocable the trend towards social equality that has been so marked an achievement in the first four years of Labour rule.

PEIPING'S NEW LOOK

[The following despatch from our correspondent was air-mailed before the edict of the Chinese Military Control Commission on February 27th ordering the foreign correspondents in Peiping to "cease their activities."]

THE shift of power in China is as revolutionary as anything that happened in the French or Russian revolutions; but it is being executed, not behind barricades by armed civilians, but by a trained peasant army hardened by twenty-two years of fighting on battlefields. These first days in Peiping, since the Communists' entry on January 31st, have been significant chiefly as a sign of things to come. The first dramatic event was an all-day parade on February 3rd of troops in transit from the Peiping-Tientsin area to the Southern theatre of operations. The units which traversed the city were highly mobile, with hundreds of newly captured American trucks pulling Japanese artillery ranging as high as 6in. howitzers. The most impressive aspect of the parade, however, was not the material but the men. Although recruited from the same peasant stock and—with the exception of those wearing fur caps—clad in the same faded yellow, padded uniforms as the Nationalists, the Communist troops look very different. The average Nationalist recruit looks dazed, the Communist soldier looks purposeful. This is, of course, a product of their indoctrination. The seriousness with which they take themselves was discovered by two Peiping students who asked some Communist soldiers: "Are you General Lin Piao's troops?" "No," was the reply. "We are the people's troops."

A very large section of Peiping turned out, or was turned out by its guilds and associations, to greet the incoming army. The students (who are now overwhelmingly pro-Communist, although recruited from the middle and upper classes), sang songs and cavorted in the streets in masquerade costumes. Although it is possible to discount this as youthful enthusiasm, it is noteworthy that the Peiping student movement has frequently served as a national conscience. Other Peiping residents, while impressed by the parade, were not so enthusiastic. Peiping is a *blasé* city, and the long-suffering Chinese are a sceptical, pragmatic people who consider government a persistent evil, and judge governments, not by their names or programmes, but by whether they allow people to prosper. One liberal foreigner returned home to tell her cook excitedly: "The Communists have arrived!" The cook answered sourly: "Prices are still high." But prices are coming down, partly because Peiping has been reunited with its hinterland. The electricity and water supply is improved, and trams are functioning again. The eight o'clock curfew is ended. Most people are impressed by the exemplary behaviour of the Communist troops.

The take-over, in fact, has been effected smoothly and almost imperceptibly. One day Peiping's best newspaper plant was turning out the Kuomintang's *North China Daily*. The next day its newsboys were delivering to its subscribers the Communist *People's Daily*. This paper, edited by one of China's foremost journalists, may become China's *Pravda*. All other newspapers except one are kept running, though most thought it advisable to use the Communists' New China News Agency, instead of the Kuomintang's Central News Agency. The Communists—their military successes having outstripped their political planning—are very short of trained staff. Therefore, they have generally taken over only the top posts of organisations acquired, leaving the rest to function as before, for the present. Thus the local police, which had been decapitated by the flight of its top half-dozen Kuomintang-appointed chiefs, was taken over by half a dozen Communists, headed by General Tan Chen, clad in a padded, cotton uniform too large for him and turned up at the sleeves. "We don't know anything about running a city," he reportedly told his newly acquired subordinates; "we only know how to run a village. We have to learn from you. But you have to learn politics from us." And one of the first things he told Peiping policemen was: "The poor man is going to stand up now."

The Communists seem practised and expert at getting the poor man to stand up. This is no small accomplishment in China, where the daily struggle to stay alive and the feudal habit of agreeing with whatever is said by people above you have created a deeply ingrained "slave mentality." The Communists took the first step at a labour meeting on February 7th. On the platform, crossed Communist banners framed the pictures of Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh. About 20,000 workers marched and rode in from all over Peiping and the hinterland; they included a miners' delegation from Mentoukou. The grizzled labour leaders sat in the seats of honour. The speakers told them that now they have a People's Government, they must work hard to strengthen and protect it against attempts by "American-inspired peace-peddlers" to subvert it. But when it comes to stimulating the workers to efforts in repairing railway lines and so forth, the Communists are successful, not purely through their propaganda, but because they set such an impressive example by their hard work and direct, businesslike methods.

On his first day in town, the Communist official in charge of currency distribution spoke to the assistant manager of the Government money-printing plant for twenty minutes, at the end of which he promoted him to manager and started the plant printing People's Notes, instead of the fast-depreciating Gold Yuan. "Such a decision would have taken two days of talk and an approval from Chiang Kai-shek under the Kuomintang set-up," commented one experienced onlooker. He later reported that this Communist official worked right into the night and then slept a few hours on the floor beside his desk. All in all, there is a strong puritanical streak in the Chinese Communists. General Yeh Chien-ying, now mayor of Peiping, wears a worn, blue cotton uniform without insignia. The soldiers are not permitted to buy anything for themselves, but have their basic needs supplied by the Army. Communist political workers, asked how they spend their evenings, reply seriously: "In self-criticism."

The Communists are extremely security conscious, not permitting any photographs except by those with military permits. No one has discovered how to obtain these except official Communist Army photographers. When the delegation of peace delegates from Nanking asked permission to fly here, it was granted; but when the plane circled over the city—presumably against instructions—it was fired at by A.A. guns. Chinese newspapermen who accompanied the delegates but hadn't been "cleared" by the Communists were kept out at the airfield. Fears of military or political espionage have already led to the sealing off of radio and telegraphic connections in Tientsin and other captured cities. However, in Peiping the bamboo curtain has not yet descended. You can still cable what you like and call up friends in Shanghai and Nanking by radio telephone.

One of the knottiest problems facing Peiping's new rulers is the handling of foreigners and foreign relations. Peiping has 2,000 foreigners, and numerous Consulates housed in what were Embassies when the city was China's capital. The Communists tend to have the "chip-on-the-shoulder" attitude of a group, long isolated inland, which governs to-day 200,000,000 people without being officially recognised by any Power. While foreigners have not been molested in any way, they are required to have road passes for travel between Peiping and other Communist-held cities. But no office to issue these road passes has yet been set up in Peiping; and foreign newspapermen have been unable, despite persistent efforts, to find any Communist official of even secondary rank willing to talk to them.

The main burden of Communist resentment, of course, is directed against America. As nationalists, the Chinese Communists share the general resentment against the United States for interfering in Chinese affairs to aid an unpopular and reactionary regime. As Communists, they have an extra antagonism against America as the powerhouse of anti-Communism. They regard American Consulates as virtually enemy bases within their territory and consider American newsmen as possible spies. Yet they are apparently troubled by the realisation that, if China is to be modernised rapidly, the only large-scale source of industrial goods is the U.S.A. (When the Communists took Tientsin, they seized 5,000 tons of American flour and distributed it without reference to American officials on the spot. Washington reacted by closing down its economic aid offices in Peiping and Tientsin.) It is observable that, although the propaganda against "American imperialism" is very shrill, there are softer notes. A Communist soldier told an American professor recently: "We know about America. There is a small group of people there who want to kill us, and a small group of people who want to help us. But the great majority doesn't know much about China and doesn't care." More significant, in Tientsin the name of Truman Road has been erased, but Roosevelt Road remains untouched.

ANDREW ROTH

A LONDON DIARY

I WAS not surprised that some papers put themselves out on a limb when it was announced that Molotov had ceased to be Foreign Secretary. How natural to hope that the change of Foreign Minister might involve a change in foreign policy, just as it did when Litvinov disappeared from the scene ten years ago! If Litvinov and the policy of cagy co-operation could give way to Molotov and the policy of the repetitive Veto, why should not the policy of the continuous negative now give way to that of the cautious positive? But you only had to look for a minute at the announcement to see that there was no justification for any such hope. Molotov, freed from departmental duties, would be more effectively in charge of all foreign policy than he was before. The Soviet Foreign Office and the Embassies abroad will no doubt further decrease in importance, and the Cominform and the policy of mobilising international support for the Soviet Union will correspondingly increase. We are merely witnessing part of a familiar and very sensible process by which, in the interests of efficiency, an inner group of Ministers are relieved of administrative duties and given time to think. Vyshinsky, who has never been a member of the Politburo, is promoted to Ministerial rank; it is rather as if Ernest Bevin became a Minister without Portfolio and Sir Alexander Cadogan were made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs outside the Cabinet. No discernible difference in policy is likely. In the same way, Menshikov's appointment as Commissar for Trade will not make any difference to Soviet relations, if, as appears to be the case, Mikoyan, now without Portfolio, remains in charge of trade policy.

* * *

If there is no cause for rejoicing in these Ministerial changes in Moscow, neither is there any cause for relaxing our efforts to reach a "live-and-let-live" arrangement with the Soviet Union. It is bad enough to have to deal with Soviet psychology, but one begins to despair when the Americans start talking in similar language. There is even talk in Washington of refusing to allow the West of Europe to trade with the East. This is precisely the opposite of the doctrine of the Marshall Plan, the avowed object of which was to enable Europe to become economically independent—an object which the Paris Conference declared to be only possible if Western Europe greatly increased its trade with Eastern Europe. The alternative is for Western Europe to become an expendable American colony. The one possible justification for unifying and arming Western Europe is to strengthen a diplomatic approach to Moscow. Yet one reads remarks like that of an American spokesman the other day who said that "when Russians talk peace, it is time to look to one's arms." What, then, do we do if Russia talks war? Unless we want the destruction of society, we must seek all day and every day to relieve the tension. The practical problems involved in an "agreement to disagree" are to be fully discussed this week-end at a Union of Democratic Control conference. This Conference will be opened in the Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, E.C.4, at 2.30 on Saturday afternoon.

* * *

After outspoken discussions with the Colonial Office about the strikingly "unbusiness-like" methods of his imaginative administration, Earl Baldwin is, I see, at once returning to the Leeward Islands. I'm told that the Government made no heavy weather about his very honourable quarrels with a section of the planters, and I presume that he will carry on with his good work for the natives when he is again in Government House. Charges of every sort were made against him by his political opponents. The one embarrassing charge was that he replied to criticism in a series of quite outrageous interviews to the Press before he had even seen the Colonial Secretary or the Prime Minister.

* * *

I was much relieved when the newspapers suddenly discovered that there were other things in the world to be talked about except a slight case of murder. The *News Chronicle* made it clear that the change was due to police advice, which pointed out that there was nothing to connect the case of one murdered widow with the disappearance of several other people. The danger that a fair trial may be made impossible by newspaper publicity has been sufficiently illustrated in the past. I can imagine a defence counsel successfully pleading that press reports had made it impossible to find an unprejudiced jury; I can also imagine a verdict after which people would recall the cases of Rouse and Wallace, in which justice may or may not have been done, but which were certainly examples of what Lord Birkenhead meant when he complained of the difficulty of persuading a jury to distinguish between their horror at the crime and the evidence for the guilt of the particular man accused.

* * *

We are less fond than the Americans of picking out weathercocks in our politics. In the United States, elaborate conclusions are drawn from the electoral records of certain States or districts. No Democrat, for instance, has been elected to the White House—Mr. Truman is the exception—who failed to carry New York. If the old slogan, "As Maine goes, so goes the Nation," is true only when a Republican wins, it is a fact that all the counties called "Adams" consistently reflect the percentage shifts in the vote all over the U.S. Our electoral system, coupled with the decline of the Liberal Party, inhibits such generalisation. A diligent friend, however, who has looked through British election results since 1895, has made the startling discovery that one constituency has picked the winning side in every general election. Oddly enough, this constituency is St. Pancras North, where a by-election was held this week! Whatever shifts there have been in the political world, this weathercock has swung with them. Frome is nearly as accurate, having made only one mistake by going Liberal in 1900. Salford West has also been right fifteen times, wrongly choosing a Tory in 1892. Reading comes fourth, missing the Liberal wind in 1892 and the Tory breeze in 1900. At the next general election, I shall wait for the St. Pancras North result and then go to bed.

* * *

William Salter referred in our competition page last week to the Lancashire accent of Wilfred Pickles! Mr. W. J. Halliday, who is chairman of the Council of the Yorkshire Dialect Society, sends the following rebuke. How seldom is a howler so agreeably corrected!

Nay, Maister Salter, this weean't dew,
When fowk like thee talk sackless-like:
Ah'll tell that wheear ahr Wilf comes through,
It's Halifax, an' he's a Tyke.
For sewerly if tha'd lived amang
T'reight sort o'fowk, or been to t'schooil,
Tha'd knaw 'at Tykes speyk t'Yorksher twang,
Nut Lancisher, tha gaumless fooil!

* * *

I had agreed that the little elm had better come down. I wouldn't go so far as Mr. Park, who holds that all elms should come down, as being "neither use nor ornament." It would be many years before that tree would begin to show signs of the disease that Mr. Park points out in the splendid old elm that delights my eye on the far side of the orchard. "Dangerous," he says, "all of them; if I had my way everyone who lets an elm tree grow should be prosecuted. People are killed by them every year. Neither use nor ornament." But that wasn't the charge that led me to condemn the small elm. Mr. Park had a more effective argument, powerful even with me, much as I hate any tree to be cut down. The tree stood close to the vegetable garden. Mr. Park demonstrated that the roots were all mixed up with the celery bed; that they were entangled in the roots of the potatoes. With great reluctance I agreed that the small elm should come down. After all, there are lots of other trees in the orchard. So on Sunday morning, when I saw that the world was white except where yellow crocuses pushed up through the snow, I said to myself: "There's an hour's work to keep you warm, my lad", and I seized the axe and saw and went out to cut down that elm. But Mr. Park had been before me. The stump was wonderfully neat, close to the ground and quite flat. The trunk had been split into convenient lengths, ready to cut for next winter's firewood. "Oh, Mr. Park," I said when he arrived for his weekly chat, "I see the elm's gone. I meant to cut that down myself." Mr. Park looked at me with great satisfaction. "And a nice mess you'd have made of it," he said.

CRITIC

MOTHERS' DAY

"If you isolate portions of the [National Health] Service, the whole conception is likely to be wrecked." Mr. Arthur Blenkinsop. March 4th.

The doomed Analgesia in Childbirth Bill,
Which calls Peter Thorneycroft father,
The midwifely Commons assist with goodwill,
But not Mrs. Blenkinsop's Arthur.

The duty to see that this babe is stillborn
Is Blenkinsop Junior's assignment,
And the parent (expectant) severely to warn
It will not be an easy confinement.

For National Health as one birth was conceived,
Not portion by personal portion,
And a Bill by which pain on demand is relieved
Is a bastard all-party abortion.

Mrs. Blenkinsop's boy is inclined to resent
Mr. Thorneycroft's merciful measure,
The travail involved in the happy event,
Is to right-minded mothers a pleasure.

State nurses the pangs in advance can remove
By pep-talks at clinics prenatal;
Analgesic assistance, however, would prove
To the National Health Service, fatal.

Analgesia in theory he does not oppose,
But he takes to the practice, exception,
For premature aid in parturient throes
Would imperil the major conception.

So the Thorneycroft brat is consigned to its fate,
If delivered, it will not survive it;
The Health Bill was publicly spawned by the State,
While poor Analgesia is private.

Analgesic excess would upset and annoy
The relevant Local Authority;
And measures of Members can only enjoy,
Like mothers, the lowest priority.

But while Mr. Blenkinsop clearly explains
Why the Bill, so far gone, goes no farther,
We ask: Was it worth Mrs. Blenkinsop's pains,
To be merely delivered of Arthur?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

There were people interested in a new Whig party, but there were no members. One of the points of policy with regard to the Whig party was that people should own motor cars.—*Manchester Guardian.* (L. W. Sheppard.)

The baby son of Air Commodore ——— is to be named Charles.

The Air Commodore has his own special reason for the choice. One of his ancestors . . . signed King Charles's death warrant. As he is a servant of the Crown he feels that the birth of his son has given him a chance to make amends.—*Star.* (J. M. Pringle.)

The lights have gone out in Eastern Europe; they are being turned down in Carshalton.—Report of speech in *Sutton and Cheam Herald.* (H. A Prentice.)

To call the daughter of the house next door a bastard is not the sort of thing one can do with impunity these days.—*Daily Herald.* (D. Higgins.)

Councillor ——— is not seeking re-election to Rotherham Council in May because he finds council work affects his business. Some of his customers have left him because he could not get them a Council house.—*Meat Trades' Journal.* (G. M. Schreiber.)

BRAVE NEW WORLD IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA—II

It has become a truism to say that Czechoslovakia is to-day the ideal laboratory for Socialism in Europe; that Czechoslovakia—with its high standard of living and education, its exceptionally large industrial working-class, its relatively small clerical and other "reactionary" influences, a well-balanced economy, and a people who are not by nature obstreperous—is like Lenin's dream come true. The working-class put the present regime in power, and it is carrying out, in Dimitrov's words, "the functions of the dictatorship of the proletariat." It is no accident that, in his long speech before the Communist Party's Central Committee in November, Gottwald should have made no claim of "fair elections," according to Western standards. There is no such fetishism for free elections, as we understand them, among Czech Communists.

The working-class is, of course, the pampered pet of the new regime. With 2½ million Communist Party members in a population of 12 million, Czechoslovakia has thus proportionately the largest Communist Party in the world. Too large, in fact; and, in the "check-up" that has been going on for some time now, many "opportunists," *i.e.*, many of those who jumped on the band-waggon in February, are being thrown out, and many others are on probation. But the hard core of Communists are running the country, and it is a typical case of Western wishful thinking to suppose that the Czech working-class are not really behind them, and are sorry they put these people in power a year ago. While it is true that the Czech working-class are expected to work very much harder than they did before, they are receiving much in return: priority in food, clothes and everything else. Even priority in schooling; for an effort will be made to raise the proportion of working-class lads in higher education.

Against this, labour productivity is to be increased by half by the end of the Five-Year Plan and, in the words of Rudolf Slansky, the Secretary-General of the C.P., "our factory organisations must struggle against workers with easy-going, old-fashioned ideas. . . A special effort must be made in engineering, the basis of the new Five-Year Plan, and in the building trade." Severe measures are being taken now against absenteeism and against excessive mobility of labour; and Erban, Secretary-General of the Czech T.U.C., recently pointed out that paid holidays had, in the past, been granted "so liberally that they had almost reached the limit of our economic endurance." Workers, in fact, enjoyed four weeks, instead of the week or fortnight usual in the more progressive capitalist countries; and, according to Erban, "in the shoe trade paid holidays in 1948 alone cost the country 1½ million pairs of shoes," while absenteeism cost the equivalent of 140 million dollars. In brief, he said, what was needed now was "an Economic February."

The "Economic February" motif also ran through all the speeches by Premier Zapotocky at the Central Committee meeting. He emphasised that wages had increased more rapidly than production. This, he said, was in nobody's interests.

> Even in our new society we cannot allow wages to eat up the results of increased production. Apart from providing wages, our nationalised industries must also provide funds for capital investment; for, if they do not improve and expand, we shall not be able to compete with foreign countries and buy the necessary raw materials.

He went on to say that, despite the expulsion of the Sudeten Germans, industrial output was 10 per cent. above 1937, but the number of industrial workers was only 94 per cent. of the 1937 figure, whereas the number of black-coated workers and officials was 140 per cent. up. It was therefore necessary to direct some of these people into production. He said he did not expect any overtime, or Sunday work, but everybody must conscientiously work 8 hours a day, Saturdays included—which, in many cases, is new.

Then there is the question of cadres. For the benefit of the foreign press, an official of the Ministry of Justice explained the other day that the purge in the Universities was not guided by political or "class struggle" considerations. Nevertheless, the real aim of this purge was clearly stated by Slansky, two months ago, when he said that "most of the students must be of working-class stock." Similarly, he said—and this is already being extensively applied—"it is preferable that the officers in our army be drawn from working-class families." What is aimed at is, indeed, a class army, one completely loyal to Russia in case of war. It is perhaps no accident that the harshest purge should be going on in the army; here, less than anywhere else, can the Communists afford to keep "doubtful" elements in office. Indeed, it stands to reason that the Czech army can be a reliable ally of the Red Army only if it is ideologically as hardened as its senior ally. In the main, the Czech army has not done any fighting, and nothing, to the Russians, is more dangerous than an army of Schweiks commanded by pro-Western officers who only pay lip-service to the regime as long as it suits them. This, indeed, is a problem with which the Russians are faced in all their neighbouring countries—Poland, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria; and strategically, Czechoslovakia is more important than any.

But Western opinion would be crazy to suppose that Czechs would welcome "liberation." Whatever warm feelings may exist for Britain among considerable sections of the Czechs, the fact that German soldiers would constitute the vanguard or at any rate act as allies of the Western "liberators" would be enough to make the vast majority of the Czechs pro-Soviet if it came to a showdown. And who wants war anyway?

Czechoslovakia is ruled by the Communist chiefs—a hard, ruthless and extremely efficient crowd of people who know industrial problems inside out. They are confident that, with the efficient and willing manpower at their disposal, they will make Socialism a success; and the example of Czechoslovakia is of the utmost importance in terms of propaganda. If, in five years' time, Czechoslovakia is a success, and Belgium or France are not, what a tangible victory for the Eastern Bloc over the Marshall countries! Whether Russia goes out of her way, or not, to help Bulgaria in her industrialisation is relatively unimportant; but what happens in Czechoslovakia is vastly important for the repercussions it will have in Europe generally, and particularly in Germany.

Indeed, the industrial success of Czechoslovakia, Poland and (though this is far more difficult) of the Soviet Zone of Germany is one of the major industrial, as well as ideological targets of Soviet policy. Already, 25 per cent. of Czech foreign trade is with Russia, and this trade will increase both in absolute and relative figures.

A characteristic of the Czech Five-Year Plan is that while, under it, light industry is to be increased only slightly, heavy industry is to be doubled. The underlying idea is to make Czechoslovakia "independent of capitalist depressions," for, while there is only a limited market for Czech glass and shoes, there will be an unlimited market for Czech machinery, rolling-stock, locomotives, tractors, cars and trucks. That is the argument; and, when it is recalled that little Czechoslovakia had one million unemployed in 1933, it makes an impression. Meanwhile, the food situation is, on the whole, improving, and rationing is expected to be abolished in two or three years.

As in other respects, so also in their reform of retail trade last month, the Czechs followed in the footsteps of the Russians. The introduction of high-price "commercial" shops, which would act as an incentive to the better workers (who could, with their money, buy not only their rationed clothes, but also "over and above the ration"), and which would also absorb a lot of excess money accumulated in the past years, is modelled on the Russian "commercial" shops which existed between 1944 and the abolition of rationing in 1947. The reform is also intended as a sharp application of the "discrimination" principle enunciated by Gottwald in November; for about two million Czech citizens, classed as "the rich" and the "parasites"—often a most unfair description when applied to little shopkeepers—were thus deprived of their clothes and shoe coupons. The official excuse was that "these people bought in the black market anyway."

All this is "rough justice" in the class struggle which is being conducted more methodically in Czechoslovakia than in any of the other People's Democracies. Many shocking things happen; the "class justice" that has become the basic principle of the legal system is something highly distasteful to any fair-minded Westerner. But in the Czech Government's view, Czechoslovakia will ultimately be judged by her economic success; and the Czech Five-Year Plan is one of the major challenges to the whole Marshall system. The Czech leaders appear confident of winning the race.

Meantime, certain old Czech conventions and customs are observed. The peasantry are being handled with a velvet glove; what Gottwald said about collectivisation—"voluntary," of course—was even milder than what Minc had said on the same subject in Poland. Agriculture is not a major problem, as it is in Poland with its innumerable dwarf farms and strips. As the number of tractors grows, so the number of collectives will grow, too. No grave difficulties are anticipated here. Nor, as distinct from Hungary, are any major religious conflicts expected. The Roman Catholic clergy in Czechoslovakia are less under Vatican influence than in many other countries. Besides, was not Christmas celebrated this winter with the utmost traditionalism and with the blessing of the Communist Government, which, for the occasion, put 8 million off-the-ration Christmas parcels on sale? It was emphasised that the good things in these parcels—the butter and the tea especially—came from the Soviet Union!

Prague looks outwardly much the same as before the Revolution; the same middle-class respectability pervades it, and the workers nearly all wear middle-class clothes. (One even wonders whether this outward middle-class respectability will not be exported to Russia, with the many hundreds of thousands of Czech felt hats which few Russians wore before!) And the Government is certainly respecting the traditional (one might say bourgeois) desire of the Czechoslovak citizen to have a well-built, comfortable home of his own.

In tiny Slovakia alone more houses will be built under the Five-Year Plan than in Moscow. Finally, for the benefit of the common man, another typically Czech tradition is being respected: Gottwald has—not unsuccessfully—been built up as the Father of his People, as the direct descendant of Masaryk and Benes. He is being built up in a much more personal way than any of the Soviet leaders: we know where and how he lives, we are told that he dotes on his little granddaughter, and the jokes told about the fat, jolly Mrs. Gottwald ("Martha" to everybody) add to, rather than detract from, the idyll. Although he is really a hard, Moscow-trained Bolshevik, Gottwald is often shown in the press signing reprieves and commuting sentences, and, to please Czech sentiment, the Party encourages the theory that he is a much kinder man than the other leading Communists.

Prague. ALEXANDER WERTH

FULL-TIME SPECIALISTS

[*An Open Letter to the Minister of Health*]

Dear Mr. Bevan,

As one who believed that a health service introduced by a Labour Government would be essentially a Socialist plan, may I say how bitterly disappointed I and many of my Socialist medical colleagues are in certain aspects of your scheme? My main complaint is that you are bolstering up part-time specialist service and penalising the full-time specialist at every turn. During the heated battles that raged while the Health Act was being debated, your staunchest supporters were the full-time specialists, those who are now receiving from you such scant consideration.

Discussions have been going on about terms of service for specialists, and contracts are supposed to be concluded in April. In fact, a plan has been formulated; and, although it is supposed to be secret, many are aware of its contents and recommendations. We full-time specialists have every reason to believe that, *vis-à-vis* the part-timers, we are to be offered a very raw deal. Furthermore, we are afraid that we will have no chance of proper negotiation, but that, with the publication of the scheme, our fate will be sealed. From the specialist committees of the Regional Boards right up to the Whitby Committee, the machinery for consultation has been grossly overweighted with part-timers. Yet we full-time specialists must be the backbone of any Socialist health scheme, and we are at present responsible for the majority of the general hospital beds of this country.

Allow me to state briefly the case for full-time specialist service. An "Honorary" (now usually paid a minimum of £800) on a teaching hospital who accepts a part-time appointment at another hospital rarely has any great interest in that other hospital but merely regards it as another source of income; his whole medical being is centred on the teaching hospital. In two large cities during the last 16 years I have worked with part-time specialists who were paid for four sessions per week and never attended more than twice weekly; with others who considered that an hour spent chatting over a coffee constituted a session; with some who brazenly delegated their duties, *e.g.*, seeing out-patients, to some young enthusiastic Registrar eager for experience; with others again who regularly turned up at the most unusual hours of the day and night because they were too busy with private practice during the more orthodox and convenient hours. We expected you to avoid these divided loyalties by creating many more full-time specialist posts. In the case of a hospital where a specialist visits only twice a week, or even four times, who else is responsible for the patients during the rest of the week, or for the emergencies?

The introduction of a plan for domiciliary visiting by specialists is an important part of any comprehensive health scheme. But in many regions the full-timers are either not being allowed to do any domiciliary visits, or, if they are, they are not allowed to recover the fee (4 guineas). We have every reason to believe that in April this also will be declared the official Ministry policy. How can such favouritism of part-timers be justified? How do you expect to get adequate domiciliary specialist consultations outside the large cities? Either the full-timer should be allowed as a maximum 100 such paid visits (the part-timer is allowed 200), or, better still, the full-time salary scale should be loaded to redress the anomaly. I favour the latter because, even at this early stage of the scheme, I frequently hear of full-time specialists being called out merely to expedite by preferential treatment the patient's admission to hospital. (The full-timer can be every bit as "willing to play" as the part-timer.) So, rather than attempt to regulate abuses, prevent them.

You have accepted in principle the Spens Report on salaries of specialists. We await your verdict on the "betterment factor." Whether that be adjudged 12½ per cent. or 75 per cent., we Socialists should not grumble. Again, our quarrel is because of the favouritism shown to the part-timers. The Spens Committee as a basis for comparison accepted 11 sessions per week as a full-timer's contribution—a gross understatement for most of us. The full-timer will get a fixed salary; but the part-timer will be paid proportionately for the number of sessions he does—he thus may earn nearly as much as the full-timer—and, in addition, he will be allowed (1) domiciliary visits which may bring him in another £840 per year; (2) travelling expenses; (3) private practice; (4) generous income tax allowances under Schedule D, not allowed to the full-time specialist; (5) extra pay for what are considered extra duties by the part-timer but routine by the full-timer, *e.g.*, lecturing to nurses; (6) additional salary for teaching medical students if on the staff of a teaching hospital. Everything is being made attractive for the part-timer so that a new body of consultants is arising—the "full time" part-timer. The smallest hospitals, often with General Practitioners acting as specialists, suddenly found the need of having out-patient clinics, and Dr. Snooks is now willing to attend 4 sessions per week where he previously considered one unpaid visit lasting one hour was sufficient. Is the Health Service being run for the benefit of the patients or the doctors?

Many well qualified and experienced specialists are still without permanent posts. The number of full-time general medical and surgical senior specialist appointments advertised since July last could be counted on the fingers of one hand and a badly mutilated hand at that. A very generous and excellent scheme instituted by you was the creation, for ex-members of the Forces, of £1,000 per year specialist posts which were to be held pending the full operation of the new Health Act. Have you inquired as to what has happened to many of those appointments? I know of several places where a £1,000 a year incumbent did most of the routine work for the Honoraries, but on July 1st they were told that their services were no longer required as the "Honoraries," now paid on a sessional basis, were willing to do their own work. Others have been told that their jobs will be re-advertised when the new contracts come in, so that they will again have to compete for their posts.

What is to happen next April? Are those holding appointments at present automatically to be appointed regardless of their qualifications? It is not bricks and mortar that make a hospital but the workers in it. Do you appreciate how low the medical standard is at present in many hospitals both large and small, and that this is due to the fact that some doctors, part-time as well as full-time, are holding posts for which they have neither the qualifications nor experience? There is a large modern hospital near a large city where, of the two senior general surgeons, one is still trying to obtain the F.R.C.S. (England). Will such people be automatically given permanent appointments? Do you not realise the injustice, the disgrace, the unfairness to the public, particularly when there are well-qualified men eager to accept full-time employment? I understand that there are Professional Committees appointed to each Region to assess and grade specialists. It is important that their deliberations be completed before any contracts are offered to anybody. What is to happen to the horde of "specialoids" masquerading as specialists?

Do you remember the scathing indictment of the health services of several counties made by Topping and Grey in their survey for the Ministry of the Metropolitan Region and Home Counties? And yet, the chairman of the S.W. Regional Metropolitan Board in a report in *The Times* is reputed to have said: "Our aim is not to introduce sweeping reforms immediately." Is that your view? Are you not, as a Socialist, in favour of drastic and immediate reform of what is admittedly bad? But do you expect a progressive policy to be adopted when you allow the Regional Boards to be dominated by reactionary laymen and medicals who opposed the new health scheme? And what of the special merit awards varying from £500 to £2,500? Do you think that the many well qualified and experienced full-time specialists, with large numbers of patients under their care, will receive their fair share? Are there any full-time specialists on the Awards Committee? We full-time specialists consider that you are badly and unfairly advised and that we are not receiving due consideration.

Yours sincerely,

MEDICUS

BURMA KALEIDOSCOPE

His face is a shade darker than that of most humans. It is strong and thoughtful, with little of the quick expressiveness of his fellow countrymen. His English is not as good as he would wish and he speaks slowly, but he speaks with care in his own language, too. He gives an impression of greater depth, more power, more seriousness than those who surround him. It is reflected in the sombre colours of his *longyis*, the ankle-length skirts worn by Burmans. Usually his *longyis* are without flippancy or gaiety—deep reds or maroon, and dignified. His age is 34, yet, when he tours the country, the senior local officials, the party leaders, refer to him and not to the Cabinet Ministers with him. As the Ministers speak to the mass meeting, maybe in a large airy cinema built of bamboo and dried brown grasses somewhere in Upper Burma, he sits behind them listening, watching. He watches the thousands of brown faces set against white blouses as they stare at the platform. He smiles and laughs, but not as much as the others, when a late-coming contingent from an outlying village arrives with band playing, and girls dancing ahead, and interrupts the speaker.

His name is U Ba Swe, and he is General Secretary of the Socialist Party. In his hands is the political organisation, in his brain are the thoughts which are trying to mould Burma. He is not just a Morgan Phillips. He attends the Cabinet meetings, devises much of the policy, approves or disapproves. He is subordinate to the Prime Minister, and does not always get his way, but little can be done against him. He knows better than anyone the reactions of the people and how far he can persuade them to accept even his own views. He knows also much of what is wrong with Burma.

"We're all up-numbered," he will say. "The students don't study their books. They are politicians. The Government servants, the Army, all are politicians." He, himself, has been a politician since he was fifteen. He lived in Tavoy, in an area where the wolfram mines were owned and run by the British, and Burmans did only the lowest jobs. Britain was the foreign Power which ruled the country, and British capital made its money out of it. For him, Britain, imperialism and capitalism were all the same thing and, in many ways, still are. Passionately nationalistic, it would have been strange if he and his friends had not looked to Russia for inspiration.

Throughout the country, young men are in Marxist classes. Someone has read a slice of Marx, or Lenin or Stalin, or Plekhanov. He is qualified to give a series of lectures on the practical application of Marxism to Burma, and he does so. How many of the speakers are even dimly aware of what they are talking about, how many of the listeners regard the occasion any differently than their fathers regarded the gatherings at which they listened to the Buddhist monks chanting from the scriptures, in alternate phases of Burmese and Pali, a long dead language, is uncertain; perhaps one-half of one per cent. Thought content is slight—the slogans are what matter, are the symbols of whether you are a true Burman or an imperialist stooge. A capitalist, a

tool of the British "expansionists" is anyone who disagrees with you; and, sometimes, that is nearly everyone.

Alas, the theories, often contradicting themselves several times in an explanation of three hundred words, are not the offspring of the facts. "Nationalise foreign capital and undertakings without compensation" shout the students. Excellent; but who is going to provide the capital and the technicians to work the industries taken over? Burma has neither capital nor technicians. The people have always put their money into land, and the Government has none. No one will supply the equipment for nothing, no one will work it without being paid, and, for a decade or more, the experts must be foreign or nothing will happen.

It has taken the Government nearly a year to learn this. An expensive item of education was the nationalisation of the Irawaddy Flotilla Company, at two days' notice and six months before the agreed time, without the retention of any of the foreign engineers. Now the steamers are rapidly becoming useless, and when they run, insurgents willing, they run at a heavy loss. They would have run at a loss anyway, under to-day's conditions, but how much better to have let foreigners carry the loss and not a bankrupt Government. The Government and U Ba Swe reluctantly understand that if they have no resources of their own, they must use those of others. But the rank and file have yet to be persuaded. It is no one's fault. They had to be told that British capital ruled their country (and in a way it did) to rouse their nationalism. That meant throwing British capital out of the country. The masses grasped that one—it was a simple concept. Now they have to grasp something different, and it will take a little time.

Much of Burma's modern politics begin with the gun. The Communist party are a private army, so are the White P.V.O.s—the relics of Aung San's army. All would be well if the Cabinet could be expanded indefinitely and there were seats for all. As this cannot be so, it is worth having a fight to try, to replace the present Government with one of your own. Ba Maw, Prime Minister under the Japanese, is a sad man to-day because he was not back from Japan after the war in time to start a private army of his own. The most formidable group, and the most genuine, are the Socialist Party, which is now the same as the Anti-Fascist Freedom League. Guided by U Ba Swe, motivated by itself, it has two main principles: first, the Party must dominate; second, democracy on a Western pattern must prevail. Of the two, the latter is in the ascendant. That makes a hole in the former, which may be a pity because Burma badly needs strong Government. But, on the whole, the mixture is not too bad although it produces some confusion.

The bureaucratic machine, for instance, *à la* Marx, must be scrapped and replaced. But that is impossible—there is nothing to replace it. This leads to some officials being appointed because they belong to the Party, and some being transferred because they do not. But the process is not drastic enough (Burmans are very kind) to do more than produce an unsettled atmosphere. To put it mildly, Burmese administration, by English standards (and the English officials have gone), is eccentric. An import licence was required for a piece of electrical equipment (capacity 5,000 cycles). "You can import the equipment, but not the bicycles," came the reply from a clerk in the Ministry. A Burman was going to London to make some purchases for the Government. He required some £50,000 to be made available for him in a London bank. "Take it in travellers' cheques," suggested the head of the Finance department. A Burman District Commissioner told me: "It is very difficult, I'm told I must listen to the local Party leaders when they come to me with complaints and ask me to release this or that person. At the same time, the Government sends me an order that I'm to take no notice of them."

Confusing, but not more so than might be expected in a country which has been stirred round like a cauldron—the sane ideas mixed up with the crazy—and the whole manipulated by desperately sincere, but desperately inexperienced, young men. They are getting their experience and sense is emerging, painfully and gradually. For a whole week there has been a strike of Government servants in Rangoon, with the fighting eight miles from the city. It has been supported by the White P.V.O.s who are fighting the Karens and are against the Communists. It has also been supported by the Communists who are fighting for the Karens and are against everyone else. Last time the clerks went on strike, for 37 days, the Government gave them their back pay. This time, to the amazed indignation of the clerks, all those still on strike have been dismissed. It is all part of growing up. The shock of the Karen revolts may also do some good. Already they have introduced an element of seriousness that was absent in the happy-go-lucky cheerfulness of a few weeks ago.

Here, I am told, and I have heard nothing to disprove it, votes go to those who have power. That makes the Army more important than in most places. Bo Ne Win, the new Supreme Commander after Smith Dun's recent retirement, is an old friend of the Socialist leaders. (Those who were in the 1936 students' strike and those who were connected with the activities of the "Thirty Comrades" sent to Japan before the war are in control now. Bo Ne Win was one of the "Comrades"). That, in a way, is all that need be said about the Army, and the 15-20,000 levies, or semi-regulars, raised by Bo Ne Win to support the Army. He is efficient and spirited and not much interested in politics. He is doing his best to make a non-political army and is dealing tactfully with the Karens who have not deserted. Nevertheless, the Army is a useful adjunct of political prestige. The one political organisation and the Army belong to the Government. Unless an alternative Government, or complete chaos, replace them, they will get the votes at the election which may be held in April, but probably not till after the monsoon, in the autumn, Frankly, I am glad. They are groping, they are muddled, they are frequently incompetent, but they are honest, they are wedded to democracy, they are beginning to lose some of their suspicions of all things British, and they are learning fast. God forbid, for Burma's sake, that the same lessons should now have to be absorbed all over again by another group of people.

WOODROW WYATT

SO THEY SAY . . .

WHAT use has Fleet Street made of its extra newsprint since the restrictions were lifted on January 1? I have analysed the restricted and unrestricted coverage of the six national daily papers which have increased in size three days a week. For an average pre-increase coverage I chose November 5, 1948. There was a balanced assortment of stories that day: the reactions to Truman's re-election, Uno's approval of the Western atom-control plan, a Board of Trade "bonfire of controls," and an Admiralty "atom warfare" exercise. For the post-increase analysis, I chose the week ending February 19 (giving the papers six weeks to settle down after their first rush of newsprint to the head). It was a week of varied news stories: Norway's period of heart-searching about the Atlantic Pact, the Commons' debate on the Health Estimates, Earl Baldwin's homecoming, Mr. Teper's unscheduled call at Ellis Island, and the Senate's rejection of any "automatic declaration of war" clause in the Atlantic Pact.

The three larger issues of each paper during that week were added together for the purpose of this analysis, not only to give a fairer indication of their policies, but also because there is no day on which all six have a large issue. The contents were broken down into five broad divisions: Domestic (Parliament, home news); Foreign (stories originating abroad, or articles on foreign affairs); Features (cartoons, comic strips, fashions, gardening, London columnists' diaries and gossip, reviews, puzzles, cooking, children's pages); Sport; and Advertising. Borderline stories were allocated on common-sense principles—Teper, for example, was considered Domestic, while John Gunther's leader page articles on Europe in the *Daily Herald* went under Foreign. I have arranged the papers in order of their percentage circulation increases since the war:

	Percentage of total space		
	November, 1948	February, 1949	Percentage change
Daily Mirror:—			
Domestic	37	34	−3
Foreign	10	4	−6
Features	32	29	−3
Sport	9	14	+5
Advertising	12	19	+7
Daily Express:—			
Domestic	35	30	−5
Foreign	13	7	−6
Features	18	24	+6
Sport	14	12	−2
Advertising	20	27	+7
Daily Mail:—			
Domestic	30	32	+2
Foreign	14	13	−1
Features	21	16	−5
Sport	15	12	−3
Advertising	20	27	+7
News Chronicle:—			
Domestic	27	35	+8
Foreign	13	6	−7
Features	23	21	−2
Sport	17	12	−5
Advertising	20	26	+6
Daily Herald:—			
Domestic	32	27	−5
Foreign	9	13	+4
Features	23	20	−3
Sport	14	13	−1
Advertising	22	27	+5
Daily Graphic:—			
Domestic	44	32	−12
Foreign	3	4	+1
Features	26	33	+7
Sport	13	14	+1
Advertising	14	17	+3

There are some surprising results. The *Mirror*, far from increasing its Features, actually reduced their proportion. It was the only paper, apart from the *Graphic*, to give more space to sport. The only significant increase in the relative space given to foreign coverage was in the *Herald*. The *Express* and *News Chronicle* both gave proportionately less foreign news; the *Express*, like the *Graphic*, increased its percentage of features, while the *News Chronicle* became top in domestic coverage, and the *Herald* bottom. The *Mail* did not vary the percentage of space allotted to its (consistently larger) foreign coverage. All the papers increased the proportion of advertising space.

AUTOLYCUS

DIFFIDENTLY

"AS one gets older," he said, "one's natural fear of waiters becomes less acute." I agreed. "But why *natural* fear?" It seemed that everybody, or most people, or at least we two, had suffered in youth from waiter trouble. My friend proffered the not unfamiliar explanation that, as in listening to a bad singer or ham actor one experienced all the shame which should afflict the offender, so in the presence of a waiter what should be *his* sense of humiliation in such menial employment passed mysteriously to the susceptible waited-upon.

I was rather dubious about that. Dogs, they say, will bark at or bite you only if you show yourself nervous of them. I have seldom been barked at, and never bitten, by a waiter. But I have sometimes felt that undue advantage was being taken of my diffidence: it usually provokes

other people into decisiveness. I don't complain specifically of waiters. And I don't despise, and am not vicariously ashamed of, their occupation. They and I get on very well together now. In some places they wish me "Good morning" and tell me whether the day is wet or fine.

Almost as satisfactory progress with waiters was reported by my friend. "But waitresses," he said, "I am not yet successful with. I don't know why, but their ineffable disdain of me continues unmitigated. The fault, I am sure, is mine. I lack a commanding air. So far no benefit has accrued to me from the alleged resumption of servility by the lower orders. I say 'alleged' because I am going on the report of only one woman. She recently told me that, after an interval of many drab years, she had once again attained priority over others: the shop assistant had seen at a glance that she was a lady. No one ever mistakes me for a gentleman. That's why I have never minded queues—much: I do get served eventually. In the old days I was always left lurking uneasily at the counter while people who had come in later were getting obsequious attention."

The diffident constitute a social problem. However sympathetic you may feel, they are hard to cope with. Saying this, I added: "I am not among what Carlyle called the eupeptic and eupractic—not one of those jovial putters-at-ease. . . ."

"The swine," interrupted my friend. "I have had to endure them myself. They won't let you alone. Even at parties in literary flats you can sometimes pick up a book. Are you allowed to cower quietly in a corner with it, having consumed your potion of over-oranged gin and put the glass temporarily in your pocket because you could find no other place for it, and there seemed no hope of getting a refill? Are you let alone? You never are. Your hostess drags you out to meet someone who, she says, is dying to meet you. Always it's someone who has obviously never heard of you. Not that you care. If you have ever heard of her your luck is in—you can at least start something. But, nine times out of ten, neither you nor she has caught the other's name. So you're reduced to talking about your fellow guests. I never know any of them—that's by far the safest line to take. 'There's Egbert,' she says, pointing a bloody finger-nail at your closest friend. 'Oh, don't you know him? A horrible little squirt.'"

"Come, come," I said, "Why so hot, little man? All parties aren't like that. What's wrong with you is that you have been giving up to parties what was meant for mankind."

I thought that might check him, but he went on: "It's worse at those intimate little tea parties. The too gracious hostess, like Mallarmé's lady—you know: '*Si extraordinairement distinguée, quand je lui dis bonjour, je me fais toujours l'effet de lui dire : Merde !*'—that sort of person makes all your fingers thumbs. Sometimes she'll come and sit beside you, and if you aren't quick enough to edge away, put her hand on your arm and paralyse it."

"I forget who he was, but I have always been conscious of a kinship with the young man who, after an ordeal of that kind, left in a state of such embarrassment that he wiped his feet on the mat going out." My friend was not amused.

"Hostesses' husbands," he continued, "can be still more of a trial. Their man-to-man assumption that you are a sensible chap, not at all interested in the I-pitched twitterings of the others, can have the effect of seducing you into playing the perfect philistine. 'Yes,' you hear yourself saying, 'Proust is all poppycock.' He's usually got as far as Proust. His attempts at bringing you out are successful all right, but he always brings you out at your worst. If only he'd stick to his last, he might be worth bothering with. I once knew a woman who wrote poetry and had a husband who brewed soda water. That was a long time ago, but I'm still just as eager to learn how to brew soda water as I was loth then, and still am, to learn how to write poetry."

"Why do you want to brew soda water?" I asked. "Are you thinking of setting up as the Byron *de nos jours?*"

"Fool! I don't want to brew it for my own or anybody else's consumption. But it would be interesting to know what the process is."

"Brewing can't come into it—not, I mean, a parcel of boilers and vats or the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice, like Dr. Johnson."

"I don't get you. I know you're trying to be funny, but I can't stop to have it laboriously explained to me. So long! . . ."

The diffident, the shy, the touchy—how shall we deal with them? "Blushing Cured"—I never myself answered the advertisement with that headline, but I did once consult Timothy Bright. "The affection that moveth blushinge is shame, howsoever it riseth, either upon false conceit, or deserved cause. . . ." That, and more like it, got me nowhere. If I no longer blush easily it is because . . . I find I don't know why. Can it be that I no longer have what Timothy Bright diagnosed as "a tender heart, easily moved with remorse of that which is done amisse, and a feare to offend, and a care least it should commit ought worthy of blame?" May I no longer take credit for "a conscience quicke and tender"? I suppose not. But I have yet to acquire aplomb. I am still stumped when I am told: "Oh, I always thought you were a hunchback," or am asked: "And what do *you* do for a living?"

PALOMIDES

The Arts and Entertainment

MUSIC

THE latest work to be commissioned by the Henry Wood Concert Society is a Concertante by Sir Arnold Bax for three solo wind instruments and orchestra. It was performed by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent, during an Albert Hall concert which celebrated the 80th anniversary of Sir Henry's birth.

Sir Arnold is usually happier when deploying his ideas in a loose, picturesque context than in the construction of a logical symphonic tissue. Whether his music is prompted by some literary or pictorial stimulus, or (as in the present instance) by the attraction of a romantically variegated tone-scheme, it remains true to say that he is a better colourist than draughtsman. After attempting for decades to subdue his natural exuberance and fluency to the demands of formal clarity, he seems for the moment to have settled down to the indulgence of a wayward, rhapsodic, unconcentrated style. As he wanders about the woodland, he chooses without hesitation whichever path seems to offer the more immediately attractive prospect; like the American heroine, he believes in "doing what comes naturally." Goodness knows, this is better than the current fashion which prescribes just the opposite; in an age of æsthetic puritanism we may be thankful for at any rate one unashamed romantic hedonist. Nevertheless, there is a deep and important division between composers who constantly accept the simplest solution to the given situation, and those who don't mind disconcerting us at first by some bleak, peculiar melodic or harmonic progression, because they know that in the long run we shall come round to acknowledge its inevitability, and even its charm. And this distinction seems to hold good at all periods: it can be felt between J. C. Bach and Mozart, Cherubini and Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Chopin, Stanford and Elgar.

The new Concertante, a considerable work lasting about half an hour, consists of three lightly scored movements in which cor anglais, clarinet and horn appear successively as soloists, followed by a more elaborate finale in which all three join forces with the rest of the orchestra. The second movement, a Scherzo, edges rather near to the world of Sir Edward German's incidental music, and the finale treats a swinging Irish folk-tune in a bucolically plump vein suggestive of Holst's *Jupiter*; but the thematic material of the slow first and third movements is highly attractive, the scoring delicate and the sheer sound lovely; we are charmed certainly, but as though by a very sweet wine, of which a little goes a long way; when a composer is content to wander, the listener finds it all too easy to follow suit. All the same, I look forward to hearing these movements again; they resemble the best and most evocative of theatrical intermezzi.

A consort of wind instruments also provided the entertainment last week at Chelsea, an admirable quintet led by Dennis Brain's celestial horn (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, indeed!), and including that very distinguished flautist Gareth Morris. It was one of those Monday evenings, promoted by the Boyd Neel Concert Society, which provide the best programmes, and often the best performances, now to be heard in London. Alas, they are badly supported. Why? Partly, no doubt, owing to the competition of the Third Programme in similar fields; largely, I suspect, owing to the hardness of the Chelsea seats. Wherefore, O Chelsea Borough Councillors, went ye to the expense of reseating your hall with so little palpable improvement? Why must culture nowadays be made so comfortless? The Town Hall is also extremely resonant: and although the Boyd Neel string players themselves contrive to take advantage of this fact, it made the tone of the wind ensemble too consistently penetrating, the other night, to be quite comfortable to the ear. In the Mozart Piano Quintet, they might in any case have played more softly and more sensitively, and so allowed us to hear more of Mr. Malcolm's piano. Quite deliciously given, on the other hand, were three charming small works by Ibert, Milhaud and Poulenc. No one has done more to revive the forgotten art of entertainment music than the modern French school; they write *divertimenti* that really divert.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE THEATRE

"The Foolish Gentlewoman," at the Duchess
"The Unquiet Spirit," at the Arts

The Mask Theatre's first production of the year is an entertaining enough matinee play which propounds a problem of personal behaviour in an atmosphere where it is impossible to take moral problems seriously; but it has the merit of getting better as it goes on and of facing its solution honestly. Sybil Thorndike is a spry, if not very consecutive, woman, suddenly reminded of a base act she committed as a girl: she intercepted and suppressed a proposal addressed to a poor relation who, as a consequence, never married and has since eked out a humiliating existence as a lady's companion. Dame Sybil is reminded of this act by a sentence in a sermon: it was the first she had listened to for years, she says. And by scoring just such points as this the author destroys the validity of her problem, for it makes the determination to make amends seem nothing more than an old lady's whim. A stage crusty solicitor (Lewis Casson) and a pair of stage young people heap up the improbabilities, while Dame Sybil persists in her intention of making restitution to her poor relation by giving her the whole of her own income of twelve hundred a year. (Even a stage solicitor might at some point have suggested that half was more than enough; but Sir Lewis was so busy being crusty, when he wasn't unbending to a backward child, that he quite forgot to do this.) The entrance of Miss Mary Merrall as the poor relation, a guy of a woman who is also a pest and a bore, switches us for several

scenes into pure farce. And it is clever of Miss Merrall to be able to switch us back to pathos again with the solution. She doesn't want money. She wants friendship, she wants not to be alone. And the promise of companionship for the rest of her life is the price she exacts from Dame Sybil. The unity of the play is not helped (though the entertainment value is) by some touching and amusing interludes from Miss Mona Washbourne and Miss Eleanore Bryan as a char and her daughter with low IQs.

The Mask Theatre is one of the managements from which we have high expectations. Let us hope that they will make enough money from this not unamusing piece to be able to risk something different.

One of the most moving pieces of acting in London is to be seen from Miss Margaret Rawlings in the last act of the Arts Theatre revival of *The Unquiet Spirit*. This is the best known of Jean-Jacques Bernard's small, quiet but compelling plays; and it is the best known, I think because the state of mind which it dramatises is one that is, if not universal, at least very widespread. Many of us have felt at some time—perhaps it is normally an adolescent feeling—that round some corner, if we could only turn it, would be waiting the one absolutely perfect person who would make everything right. Most people are satisfied with some equivalent or become reconciled to doing without. But a few—they are the perpetually dissatisfied—never do. In *The Unquiet Spirit* M. Bernard pushes this feeling to its logical conclusion and assumes that such people belong to that order which Aristophanes hypothesises in the *Symposium*: whole beings split in two, each half searching for the other all over the world and never at peace so long as they are separate.

Marceline and her twin half are in different walks of life; they never succeed in meeting, but their lives occasionally brush each other's in passing, and at such moments when they stand next to one another the vibrations quiver and crackle like lightning before a storm. Three such moments make up the three acts of the play.

Miss Margaret Rawlings, in playing Marceline, has to overcome the initial disadvantage of her deep earthy voice and her solid (though of course graceful) presence, which does not immediately suggest the accepted idea of a highly strung, ghost-ridden woman. But by the crucial third act she has made us believe in her. On this evening the intensity that visits her whenever her twin half is nearby mounts towards a climax. She tries to explain to her patient kind husband what has been happening to her all these years: she is ridden by an irresistible compulsion that has drawn her against her wish to strange places and into exotic behaviour, even to such inexplicable acts as sudden, apparently purposeless, visits to prisons and hospitals. Not inexplicable to us, however. For we in the audience have meanwhile been following the falling fortunes of her twin half. We have glimpsed him twice before in the play. For a moment or two in a hotel lounge, and again in a park in Paris where he is throwing off his mistress at the same time as Marceline is taking her first lover. Now he is here again, in the street outside, a starving tramp, and—this explains her crisis this night—he is dying. Miss Rawlings takes us through the crisis with a fine remorselessness, exaggerating nothing and sparing nothing.

Bernard's plays must be very difficult to act and produce. The dialogue is bare; the most startling events in them are usually the kind of sudden shivers which children call "a goose walking over your grave." Mr. William Mervyn and Mr. David Markham, if they do not quite avoid monotony, act very sensitively, and the capable production is by Mr. John Fernald who made his mark recently in London with the Liverpool Repertory's production of *The Cherry Orchard*.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

I DOUBT whether it is possible for anyone, however sound his taste or keen his ear, to judge a new broadcast poem of length on a first or even a second hearing. The most that can be got is an impression, which later reading may refute altogether. But I looked forward to Mr. Patric Dickinson's *The Angels of the Creators* with more than usual anticipation, not only because Mr. Dickinson is a poet who has trained himself to write for the microphone, with all that that entails in simplification of verse-structure and sharpening of imagery, but also because of its announced intention, a valediction for that most interesting man and poet, the late W. J. Turner.

Whatever the merits of the poem, they were certainly obscured by the inadequacies of production. The voices of Miss Pauline Letts and Miss Field-Hyde were sufficiently alike for the listener never to be quite sure who was speaking, so that, while the mind was being made up, the mind was also losing the thread of the argument and several lines of the poem. And the programme bore all the signs of under-rehearsal; indeed, Miss Letts might have been reading her part for the first time; her mispronunciation of the place-name Vermont, for instance, made nonsense not only of the meaning of the line, until one had made the necessary transliteration for oneself, but also of its rhythm. But to come to the poem itself: it was complex both in argument and imagery, and I felt that the twin themes of the faculty of creative genius and of the power of creative genius to save the world from self-destruction were insufficiently fused. But Mr. Dickinson's attempt to make poetry out of nuclear fission seemed to me surprisingly successful, in much the same way as Turner's poetic treatment of modern physics was. Indeed, Mr. Dickinson appeared to me to have taken over Turner's style and method to such a degree that, had I not known the authorship of the poem, I believe I would have guessed Turner. But the highly romantic, Shelleyan imagery with which the poem ended failed utterly to convince me; rapt, intense, prophetic, *The Angels of the Creators* to my mind lost itself in a proliferation of metaphor. But a reading of the poem may correct this impression.

Mr. Leonard Cottrell's *The Tomb of Tutankhamen* was an outstandingly successful programme. I had forgotten, until hearing it, how sensational Howard Carter's excavation of the tomb appeared at the time. But Mr. Cottrell's treatment of it, while it captured the breath-taking excitement and importance of the discovery, was not in the least sensational. It was an exercise in perspective, and in this Mr. Cottrell was helped by Carter's colleagues, Sir Alan Gardiner, Professor and Mrs. Newberry and Dr. Derry. All proved excellent broadcasters, and their reminiscinces of the actual undertaking and their considered opinion on its contribution to knowledge gave the programme a striking authority. I had not heard Mr. Jack Hawkins, who played Carter, as a radio-actor before: he was first-rate. But the programme in all its aspects was something of which Mr. Cottrell has every reason to be proud.

A particularly valuable recent talk was M. Henri Appia's *Letter from Paris*, in the Third Programme, with its analysis of the French Communist press. Taken in conjunction with the monthly survey of the Soviet press and radio, it suggests that there might well be a place in the Third for a regular analysis of the contents of the English press. Only a few weeks ago Mr.

"I think I'd like a White Horse better than anything."

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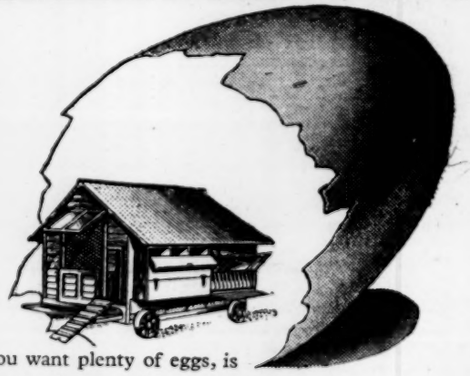

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The ordinary general meeting of The National Bank of India, Limited, will be held at 24, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., on March 29.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Mr. J. K. Michie, circulated with the report and accounts for the year to December 31, 1948:—

Again the Balance-Sheet shows expansion, the total of nearly £83 millions being practically £6 millions higher than at December 31, 1947. In common with Banking generally our experience is that the increase in deposits, though considerable, has been at a slower tempo than in 1947. On the other side, advances at £32,674,825 show the remarkable rise of £13,358,004 or practically 70 per cent. Our business in the Dominion of India has been largely responsible for this and corollaries are our decreased holdings of cash and of Indian Government securities.

We have again been able to strengthen our published Reserves this year by an addition of £250,000. Of this £100,000 comes out of 1948 profits, and we are glad to be able to recommend the transfer of £150,000 from inner Reserves previously made and no longer required. After making full provision for taxation and bad depts and after other necessary reservations, net profits at £523,950 exceed the figure for 1947 by £48,353. This result of our year's work, I suggest, can be regarded as satisfactory, and it reflects great credit on a hard-worked staff.

The major event in our year was the acquisition from National Provincial Bank, Limited as from November 1, 1948, of the entire Share Capital of Grindlays Bank Limited in exchange for a holding of 22,500 shares in your Bank.

Francis Williams broadcast a most interesting examination of the use made by the national newspapers of the increase in the paper ration; but what might be particularly fruitful is a constant critical analysis of content and news-values.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Goupi Mains Rouges," at the Curzon
"The Blue Lagoon," at the Marble Arch Pavilion
"Edward, My Son," at the Empire

There is a superficial likeness between *Goupi Mains Rouges* and last week's *Another Part of the Forest*. Now in Charente, as then in Alabama, a family clings together with all the oddity and malice of the money-sniffing pack. The film this time is a good one, and the backbiters are peasants, centred in a remote inn; one of them hunts the forest and sticks pins in idols; another, suffering from a touch of the tropics, goes mad and jumps to his death from a tree; murder, theft, idiocy, and avarice play their parts in the rather complicated drama, which has reminded one reviewer forcibly of *Cold Comfort Farm*. But I think he misses the film's particular note as well as its quality. That is its comedy of old age. "L'Empereur," the aged grandfather, seems at first to be at the mercy of his more active relatives. He can't have the biscuit and glass of wine he keeps demanding because, poor man, he's turned 106. So he sits by the fire and spits (and even that is objected to). Then he dies. He is laid out. The family goes from mourning to disputing, and then it's noticed that the corpse is coming to. He can see and hear, though no longer speak, and he holds the secret of the "treasure" that has come into the house a couple of generations ago and there still resides. But where? The general fidgets, the quests, the looks, the attempts to get a sign from the old fellow are comedy of a high order, which is as beautifully played out as that of *Gianni Schicchi* or *Volpone*. At the end he still has to be persuaded that his life has a term, and confidingly whispers his news to a pair of safe, smiling ears. The secret will go on. M. Maurice Schutz gives a representation of thriving human tenacity such as I don't remember to have encountered before on screen or stage, and if the whole film were on this level it would be a shining masterpiece.

Comedy is only one thread. The realism sometimes rises, and sometimes degenerates; too many people brush angrily or stubbornly against one another in too short a space—at moments one may feel that they have been "packed." Even the device of a little Parisian stores-assistant alighting off a train and venturing with frightened steps on the Goupi preserve cannot relieve our sense of overcrowded caricature. But at least this is a fault on the right side—that of vitality. The screen never for an instant or for a fraction of its expanse goes dead, and the people are alive despite some of their antics. This is a seven-year-old film of Jacques Becker's (we have seen lately his delightful *Antoine and Antoinette*), but it retains its jarring appeal, and reinforces the opinion that we cannot afford to miss any work by this most talented director.

Best-sellers from the circulating library and the stage have an awful way of looming up on the screen like some toothpaste or pickle which, threatening for years from advertisements, at last confronts us as the only brand on the counter. *The Blue Lagoon* and its appropriately named author have thus distantly haunted me as long as I remember: meeting it at the Marble Arch Pavilion is rather like finding on one's tea-packet the name "Mazawattee." It is a sad, absurd little idyll, this of the boy and girl castaways on an island, which the years have not nurtured. A book of etiquette and a prayer-book clasped in the little girl's arms have apparently ensured that they shall grow up in sexless innocence; they do a good deal of hopping about beaches instead; and since Mr. Donald Houston and Miss Jean Simmons make a charming pair, and the beach is real Pacific in Technicolor, this is a dream of a film for the snowy evenings. I don't know, by the way, that Mr. Houston had been playing quite fair, because when the revelation comes he quotes very pat to the moment Donne's

> I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
> Did till we loved?

Edward, My Son is both nearer the facts of life and more contemporary in its standards. With Mr. Spencer Tracey and Miss Deborah Kerr at the top of their form in the chief parts, it provides a fair echo of a stage success, while no doubt emphasising its theatrical dodging. The theme is Kane with the astringency and the explanation left out. We don't believe for an instant in the bump of paternity that turns Mr. Tracey into a blackguardly millionaire, we never see the wastrel son (why on earth not?), and the buttonholing of the audience by the chief character becomes a bore. For all that the piece has good situations and a very persuasive bounce.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

FILM FINANCE

SIR,—It is difficult to reply briefly, and at the same time adequately, to Mr. Fuller's profusion of arguments. Whichever way he chooses to divide cinema receipts, the fact remains that, of every shilling the public pays at the box office, 2d., or thereabouts, is all that is left to be shared amongst the producers of the films making up the programme. It was not my intention to lay the blame for this state of affairs exclusively at the door of the exhibitors, but Mr. Fuller seems to take it that way. He says that the expenses of running cinemas are heavy, and contends that the amount of capital needed to erect thousands of cinemas is many times the amount invested in production. I would say that if the life of the cinema buildings of this country is forty years, then the cost of the entertainment that has filled the screens of those cinemas over a like period has been far greater than the capital invested in the cinemas. Surely that is the proper way to look at it?

Mr. Fuller further endeavours to enlist our sympathy by stating that there are at least a thousand exhibitors who do not average a profit from their houses of more than £500 annually. I wonder what class of cinemas come into this category. I have just read an advertisement in a trade paper offering a thousand-seater for sale with annual profits exceeding £3,600. I can only assume that, if this is a typical profit for a thousand-seater, then those cinemas making only £500 profit must be little more than village halls.

Last Sunday I went to a fair-sized provincial picture house where I calculated that the takings for the day, after deduction of entertainments tax, could not have been less than £150. The cinema had a special Sunday programme, and I am informed (Mr. Fuller can correct me if I am wrong) that Sunday programmes of this nature are usually rented for about £5 (this particular one certainly wasn't worth more). I added together the day's salaries of half a dozen usherettes, three projectionists, a maintenance man, a cashier, a commissionaire and the manager, and I came to the conclusion that there must have been a really enormous profit. If I am mistaken, for reasons not readily apparent, perhaps Mr. Fuller could persuade a representative cross-section of exhibitors to publish audited accounts showing the seven days' takings of their cinemas, including receipts from advertising, ice-cream, chocolate, sweets and cloakrooms.

Mr. Fuller complains that exhibitors are never

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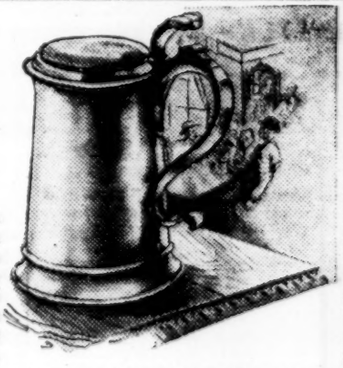

It is impossible to imagine a Britain without the good fellowship of her inns. Or an inn without some of the homeliness that comes from pleasant surroundings—good furniture and the craft of glassmaker, of potter and pewterer. Supreme examples of craftsmanship such as the Georgian pewter tankard shown here, were characteristic of our inns. Now they are collectors' pieces. But in their place are other excellent things needing only the blessing of time to become equally prized.

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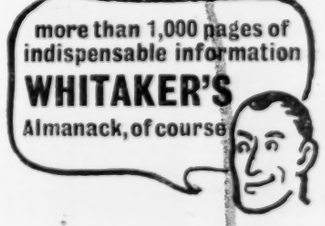

consulted in relation to production. I am in sympathy with him. It would be a great step forward if the members of his organisation could be encouraged to associate themselves more closely with the welfare of the British film industry. Hitherto they have always attempted to divorce themselves from it. If I were to accuse British film exhibitors of being the equivalent of the sellers of Japanese toys in pre-war days they would be offended, and yet they obstinately press the parallel. The American film is a dumped article of commerce. It has recovered its cost with profit in the American market before it is shipped here. It can be sold in Britain for as little as the Americans care to ask for it. That is the predominating cause of the present film crisis. It is also the reason why the Italian and French film industries have collapsed.

The problem that faces the Government is simple in principle. It is to create an economic situation which will only permit American films to be sold in this market on terms with which British producers can compete. The simplest method of achieving this would be to place an *ad valorem* duty on all imported film negative, which would mean that American films would have to recover the cost of the duty before they could show a profit in this country. But if this method is repugnant to the Government (or impossible because of Marshal Aid provisions) then I would suggest that for an all-British programme there should be a 50 per cent tax remittance divided as to 40 per cent for the British producers and 10 per cent for the exhibitors as an encouragement to show British films.

78 Park Street, W.1. FRANK LAUNDER

SIR,—Mr. Fuller is right in attacking the profligacy of certain film producers, but in the main this extravagance is the fault of the producers and not the employees. If vast sums are wasted by careerist directors, this is because they are inexperienced and can only achieve results by trial and error, or because they are supervised by producers who are either weak or themselves technically ignorant. These are common causes of time-waste (the main cause of money-waste) and, for the most part, the rest of the employees are powerless to check the waste or else are encouraged to believe that high costs are inevitable and do not matter.

Mr. Fuller states that "salaries and wages" amount to "as much as 60 per cent of production costs"—an estimate which can only be justified if one includes the vast sums paid for story rights and for the services of directors, stars, executives and their "personal allowances." By lumping them together, this results in an attack on *wages*. Let the salaries and other perquisites of executives, stars, etc., be separated from the earnings of technicians and craftsmen, and it will be seen what a small proportion of production costs these wages really are—probably below ten per cent.

Mr. Fuller must not be surprised if we do not accept his statement that "there will probably be fewer films, but this will be no disadvantage if greater attention can be paid to quality." According to our budgets and our abilities, we all pay attention to quality, but to declare that to reduce our production still further will be "no disadvantage" is an attitude which the thousands of unemployed film workers can only resent. Since the outbreak of the war we have only been making between 45 and 65 full-length pictures a year; before the war we were making as many as 220 a year. It is obvious that a happy medium is possible, leading to an eventual figure of 200 or more good feature productions.

INDEPENDENT PRODUCER

SIR,—Mr. W. R. Fuller's letter on film finance in your issue of March 5 does much to show the attitude of exhibitors to the current film crisis; but as a working film technician, helping to make the goods which keep Mr. Fuller's clients in business, I cannot pass without comment his proposals for improving matters.

Rightly judging that money is wasted in film production, he chooses the classic remedy for commercial difficulty, a reduction in the wages of those who do the work. But this apparently is not enough. Mr. Fuller accepts without demur the prospect of fewer British films being made, and then wishes to convert prospect into certainty by reducing the quota figure by nearly half. As suggestions for remedying a crisis of under-production, these have at least the charm of paradox.

Now the majority of film workers are tradesmen, carpenters, plasterers, electricians and the like, whose rates of pay, though good, are not astronomical. Film technicians have rates which would be high were they continuously employed; but they are not, and most of them have long periods of idleness between productions. Mr. Fuller's plan for fewer films would both lighten the pay packet and lengthen the periods of unemployment.

The 45 per cent quota of today is stated to be a temptation to "churn out" films. This made ironical reading on the day that Gainsborough studios closed completely, adding 550 to the thousands already out of work. I agree with Mr. Fuller that mass-produced, stereotyped films would be undesirable; but the variety, merit and popularity of our films in recent times make the prospect unlikely, while a high level of production would give scope to new minds with new ideas.

The point underlying Mr. Fuller's letter is surely that exhibitors are mainly concerned with netting a profit from the box-office, and the means to this end are irrelevant to them. They have done very nicely in the past from the exhibition of Hollywood films in quantity. Let British film production be reduced, and the quota diminished, in order to disturb this happy arrangement as little as possible. It must not be forgotten here that the Rank Organisation and the Associated British Picture Corporation, which between them are responsible for a majority of film production in this country, also own the three dominating and most lucrative chains of cinemas; and their attitude to the production of films in British studios is no doubt affected by the arguments put forward by Mr. Fuller.

Your readers will not fail to draw a further conclusion. If the interests of exhibitors are so clearly inimical to the making of British films, then the case is made for Government intervention. The survival and integrity of a native British film industry are of national importance; and the "fourth circuit" proposed long ago by film technicians would not only enlarge the public's narrowing field of choice, but allow a healthy development of the British film. When the development of a popular medium is hamstrung by private enterprise, a Labour Government has not merely the right but the duty to intervene.

20 Gower Mews Mansions, MICHAEL CLARKE
London, W.C.1.

GREEK PURGE

SIR,—As a British subject, a Cypriot who has lived a long time in Greece, I am grateful to you for your efforts to give publicity to the present epidemic of imprisonments and executions in Greece. I have personally been expelled from Greece with my wife and family, though born in that country. My only explanation is that I served on the staff of the U.N. Commission, as I had no connection with any party and was not in Greece during the occupation or the 1944 fighting.

My sister, Mrs. Zaglanakis, however, served in the Resistance and was put in a concentration camp by the Nazis. She subsequently served as interpreter with the U.N. Commission. She then became suspected of "dangerous thoughts" and for the past ten months has been exiled on Chios with 1,000 other women.

No charge has been presented against my sister. She and some 25,000 others have been exiled simply on the word of a Security Committee . . . though as long ago as 1946 the British Parliamentary Delegation

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recommended the abolition of these committees. We were also told by the Foreign Secretary in the House of Commons that all women and children would be released from exile, but this has not happened.

My sister is a cripple and ill. In May, 1948, the Foreign Office said they would consider "unofficial representations" on her behalf. She was born a British subject and is now of dual nationality, British and Greek, the latter by marriage. I hope your readers will support my appeal to Mr. Bevin on behalf of my crippled sister, apparently exiled for having served in the Resistance, interpreted for Uno, and being thus suspected of dangerous thoughts.

66 St. John's Way, P. PANTELURIS
London, N.19.

BULGARIAN EVANGELICALS

SIR,—The Bulgarian Press Attaché quotes a few Western Church leaders who have said that there was freedom of religion in Bulgaria. He omits to tell us, however, that these statements were made in 1947, when the persecution of the Bulgarian churches had not even started. In 1947 the Communists were busy liquidating the Bulgarian political opposition (the hanging of Nikola Petkov took place in September, 1947). It was one year later that the "offensive" against the Churches began. It was then that the Protestant leaders got arrested and the Head of the Bulgarian Orthodox Church, Exarch Stephan, was summarily dismissed from his post.

London, W.2. MICHAEL PADEV

IRAQI TRIALS

SIR,—A tragically close parallel to the re-trials in Athens of Greek seamen, to which Critic drew attention in your columns, is furnished by another country somewhat closely linked to Great Britain, namely Iraq.

Article 89A of the Criminal Code of that country makes it an offence to express approval of, or disseminate in any way, any of the doctrines of "Communism, anarchy or the like"; and if the expression or dissemination takes place before more than one member of the military forces, the offender may be put to death.

In June, 1947, the General Secretary of the Iraqi Communist Party and two other persons were found guilty of this offence and sentenced to death. According to *The Times*, their crime consisted in being members of a clandestine party and publishing pamphlets attacking the policy of the Government. Public indignation in various countries compelled the Iraqi government to commute the death sentences and substitute long terms of imprisonment.

Recently, the three men, who have not been out of prison since January, 1947, were charged again under the same article with a similar offence, apparently alleged to have been committed by some means whilst they were in prison. On this occasion the Government avoided any pressure from public opinion by trying the men in secret and executing them soon after the trial, which ended on January 9th. The British authorities in Baghdad were not informed either of the trials or the sentences.

House of Commons. D. N. PRITT

APE AND ESSENCE

SIR,—Mr. Anthony West demolishes the Ape and ignores the Essence in Mr. Huxley's book, which is as sensible as an attack on the logical structure of a fairy story.

Mr. Huxley writes tracts in which the inevitable powder is disguised by varying qualities of jam. If, in this instance, the jam happens to be plum and apple and Mr. Huxley dresses himself up in horns and piebald fur to administer the dose, it does not mean that the powder is the less purgative; it is merely less pleasant to take. "Conquerors of Nature, indeed! . . . they had merely upset the equilibrium of nature and were about to suffer the consequences. . . . An orgy of criminal imbecility. And they called it Progress." The equivalent of such remarks ought to be blazoned round the new House of Commons and every other place of human assembly. That would save us, at any rate, some of our hypocrisies—such as printing Mr. Walter Elliot's pious reproof of Mr. Huxley in the *News Chronicle* side by side with a leading article casting doubt on the adequacy of our preparations for atomic war. God and the devil never share the same page. JOHN ARMSTRONG

Lamorna, Near Penzance, Cornwall.

THE HERREROS

SIR,—It is symptomatic of the ignorance of the people of this country about the Commonwealth that your article, "Michael Scott and the Herreros," should have begun with a howler. Bethal (note the spelling) is by no means a "shameful native location near Johannesburg," but a highly respectable country town populated mainly by God-fearing Calvinists. It was in this district that Michael Scott unveiled the labour conditions described in the South African English press as "near slavery." The "shameful location" was Tobruk—so named by its ex-Service inhabitants.

If it were only South Africa that you were ignorant about, it would not matter particularly; but, if anything, the British are even more ignorant about their own colonies, where, in many parts, conditions as shameful as those in South Africa exist. It is, indeed, one of the more irritating traits of the British character that, committing the most heinous crimes by proxy, they then sit in judgment on the rest of the world in blissful ignorance of what they have done. When considering the crimes of White South Africa, I would commend the following things to your attention:

1. Some of the more important mining and financial houses that dominate South Africa have their headquarters in London.
2. The Jingoes of Natal and the Afrikaners of the back veld have nothing to learn from each other in the art of racial oppression.
3. If anybody can teach them anything of that art, it is the British settlers in the colonies, from whom the policy of the Colonial Office is so largely derived.
4. South Africa is the only part of that continent where the Africans are organised in strong trade unions and where their national movements have been allowed to develop reasonably free of police supervision. THELMA GELDENHUYS

18 Upper Montagu Street, London, W.1.

DEAD MEN'S MONEYS

SIR,—The Save the Children Fund has been following with much interest the question of dormant trust and other funds as expounded by your article of February 19 and Mr. Guy W. Keeling's letter in your issue of February 26. Like the New Education Fellowship, which has been mentioned, the Save the Children Fund finds its work impeded by the diminishing of its resources. Since its purpose of helping children in distress has been one of the most familiar motives of charitable bequests from time immemorial, it may be assumed that the employment of any such dormant moneys for the purposes of the Save the Children Fund would do no violence to the memory of the former owners. The major part of the Fund's responsibilities lies among children of less-favoured nations than our own, and the resources with which we are furnished by a generous public at home and throughout the Commonweath are able to meet only a small proportion of the tragic need with which we are faced. But we do know that our doctors, nurses and welfare workers in a dozen countries are saving children's lives and giving a chance of useful citizenship to children deprived of most of the necessities of life. We do not benefit from Government funds. We rely on the public—and our work would be greatly encouraged by a proportion of the "Dead Men's Moneys" to which you have drawn attention.

Save the Children Fund, T. W. BOYCE,
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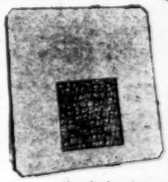

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DOCTOR AND PATIENT

SIR,—Mr. Ritchie Calder's experience of medicine in the N.H.S. precisely bears out what serious people have been contending all along, namely that the quality of the Service is the quality of the doctors who work it. The possibility of a conscientious person becoming a casual doctor under the provisions of the new Scheme cannot surely have worried many people? It is in fact even more fantastic than it sounds.

The proportion of good and less good doctors within the Service is a different matter. At present, one would judge that rather more good doctors than bad have joined the Service—I refer to general practitioners in particular. It is for the administration to take care that the right men should continue to be attracted to general practice, and there are few encouraging signs that the administration knows who the right men are.

From the purely professional standpoint the conditions of service are excellent, and general practice now lacks no scope for the enthusiast who would devote his skill and his medical knowledge to the service of the community. But it is so easy to lose sight of the man behind the doctor and to assess his worth in terms of professional attainments only. The ideal general practitioner is first a man, and second a doctor; and general practice to-day provides little opportunity for the doctor to make good as a man. Until the health centres arrive, his practice must live and thrive, like a parasite, at the expense of his household.

I do not suggest that the N.H.S. is responsible for this. The parasitic growth is of years' standing; it has been fostered in turn by the advent of the telephone, the motor car, and the domestic servant shortage. Be that as it may, one would not, to-day, advise one's own son to take up general practice if he is happily married, cares about his home, or wants to rear a family in peace. In other words, one would be inclined to discourage just those men who are temperamentally most fitted for the work from committing themselves to the life of a general practitioner. This view must prevail as long as the health centres remain a pious aspiration. The damage that it will do to general medicine is obvious.

Present difficulties must be accepted as part of the growing pains of the new venture. One would accept them more readily if the administration showed signs of appreciating where the real danger to medicine lies. The Ministry has a team of Regional Medical Officers who are attempting a survey of practices and the manner in which these are trying to work the new service. It is a pity that these Officers travel in blinkers in concentrating on the doctor's Drug Register they fail to notice what his wife has to say, or what is happening in the doctor's nursery.

Bagshot. S. GRAHAM

"SHAKESPEARE'S CHURCH"

SIR,—Hare, in his *Walks in London* (revised edition, 1901) gives the date of Saint Mary's, Aldermanbury as 1677 and has an interesting note on "the old church on this site" in which Dr. John Owen, the chaplain of Cromwell, listened to the sermon which was the cause of his strong religious impressions: he also tells us that Edmund Calamy was appointed rector here in 1639 and was ejected in 1662. Milton, also, was married here in 1656 to his second wife. The little churchyard, he tells us, was before the Fire surrounded by a cloister in which hung the shank-bone of a mar measuring twenty-eight inches and a half. Hare telis us, of course, of the connection with Condell and Heminge and the bust of Shakespeare erected to their memory in 1896 but there is no reference to any connection of Shakespeare himself with this church. It is hard to believe that Augustus Hare, with his genius for collecting every scrap of information in connection with any place of which he was writing, could have missed such reference had it any basis in fact. JOHN CORNER SPOKES

14 Hetley Road, W.12.

SIR,—Is there really any dispute about the ancient parish church of St. Mary's, Aldermanbury? Stow, in his *Survey*, describes it (apparently it had been rebuilt in the 15th century) as "a fair church, with a churchyard and cloister adjoining"; he lists its tombs and monuments. A register of 1538 was recently on show in the Guildhall. I suppose the argument is about whether the rebuilt Wren church can be regarded as a continuation of the parish church of Heminge and Condell, and whether there is any evidence that Shakespeare ever attended this pre-Wren church. If there is, it would be interesting to have it, and to feel that we are "walking in his steps" when we cross the jungled ruins of Aldermanbury to the Wren shell. ROSE MACAULAY

Hinde Street, W.1.

SIR,—I regret I have no "find" throwing light on Shakespeare's religion (as if it mattered!) to disclose to Mr. Ivor Brown. After the Great Fire (1666) any such evidence must of necessity be somewhat circumstantial. My father was an amateur of City lore and he introduced me to what he called "Shakespeare's Church" (St. Mary's, Aldermanbury) in 1893. He told me that Shakespeare was forced by law to attend divine service and that he would naturally choose the church so beloved by the two "fellowes" he remembered in his will (1616) and who remembered him in the Folio preface (1623) as "so worthy a friend and fellow as was our Shakespeare." Their interest in St. Mary's must have been keen because each in turn later became a churchwarden.

In Norden's plan (1593) it is clear that Shakespeare's first lodging (till 1596) at St. Helen's, Bishopsgate was less than half a mile from St. Mary's, and Sylver Streete ("e" in the plan), where Shakespeare lived in 1604 with Mountjoy, the Hugenot wigmaker, is next door to Aldermanburye ("f" in the plan), so there would be no difficulty in his attending the services at St. Mary's. As regards the original St. Mary's, it was a 12th-century church and is shown in Norden's plan and other old maps in what appears to be the same spot as the present site. Condell was buried in the churchyard (1627) and I saw his tombstone in 1893.

Perhaps "phoney" would have been a better word to use than "bogus," I did not intend to vouch authenticity, but to point out that no special "grooming" has been given to St. Mary's to make it a shrine for visitors. With regard to Mr. H. S. Bowden's book *The Religion of Shakespeare*, I should say it would not be difficult to make out a case for "popery" in any Englishman for some years after our first Prayer Book was published. Shakespeare cannot have been a very serious Roman Catholic to take Poor Tom's "five fiends" in "Lear" from a book by the chaplain to the Bishop of London entitled *A Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures.*

My object in writing was to draw attention to this curiously attractive Victorian memorial in the hope that someone in the City would take steps to see it well preserved. H. P. GARWOOD

2 Sussex House,
Raymond Road, S.W.19.

JUSTICE OR REVENGE?

SIR,—With reference to Mr. George Kamm's letter in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of February 26th, it may help him in the "full investigation" he demands to learn that the article in question was not written for the *Hamburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, but for the American publication *Ordnance: The Magazine of Scientific and Industrial Preparedness*, and appeared under the title "The Nuremberg Trials: Did they Seek Justice or did they Sanction Revenge?" in its May-June, 1948, number. As only a condensed edition of it was published in the above-mentioned German paper, may I suggest that Mr. Kamm reads the article in full? J. F. C. FULLER

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

I have worked but I put aside my chief production. I need more peace of mind. I jokingly began a comedy and jokingly conjured up so many comical circumstances, so many comical figures, and grew to like my hero so much that I abandoned the form of comedy, despite the fact that it succeeded, for my own proper satisfaction, in order that I might further follow the adventures of my new hero and laugh over him myself. This hero is somewhat like me.

So Dostoevsky, after he had been released from prison in Siberia and when, with his customary air of a stage conspirator uttering deadly secrets out loud, he was planning his way back to political favour and literary recognition. The comic book was *A Friend of the Family**.

All Dostoevsky's geese were swans. The tale does not succeed like its immediate predecessor, the exquisite *Uncle's Dream* which he despised; and is in many respects inferior to the novel *Nyetochka Nyezvanov* (included in the present volume) which was cut short by his arrest and imprisonment. A feeling of effusive insincerity and misguided over-confidence is occasionally and disturbingly purveyed by his writing; a kind of double-facedness which we may suppose comes from the anxiety that was fundamental in his life. Over the wagging pavement of that anxiety he sways like some suspicious, spiritual drunk. *A Friend of the Family* is a careless, exaggerated, complacent book, with a good deal of crude Gogol in its picture of provincial society. We know so well, by now those masterful widows, those "phantasmagorical" spinsters, those dull, scheming young men and their half-baked conversations. The very smell of provinciality hangs about them all. Yet, the vitality of a master, spluttering, but in some passages irresistible, is there. Pride and humiliation—a point André Gide* elaborated in his celebrated study which is just reissued—are Dostoevsky's "subject" and *A Friend of the Family* is written out of the cocksureness rather than the humility of the comic spirit.

The smallest works of Dostoevsky cast long shadows. The hero who is "somewhat like me": who is he? Is he Rostanev, the old Colonel of the Hussars? A man:

> peaceable and ready to agree to anything. If by some caprice he had been gravely asked to carry someone for a couple of miles on his shoulders he would perhaps have done so.

The Colonel foreshadows the Meek figures of Dostoevsky, for he can speak evil of no one and submits, with remorse, to every injustice. He has the morbid sympathy of the hero of the *Notes from Underground* who, seeing a gentleman thrown out of a window during a fight in a billiard room, "envied him so much that I even went into the tavern and into the billiard room. 'Perhaps' I thought, 'I'll have a fight, too, and they'll throw me out of the window'". With a shrewd native touch of the real Dostoevsky he later reflected that he was "not even equal to being thrown out of the window and went away without having any fight." The characters of Dostoevsky—and their huge garrulousness—are fantasies tried out, half-realised. Hence the confusion they at once create on the page. Rostanev has not the enticing slyness of the masochist, or of the great Meek figures. He has what is rare, we begin to suspect, in Dostoevsky's characters (for most of them have a dual nature) the quality of innocence. He is one of the few figures who does not know his own character and might pass for a Pickwickian Englishman in blameless deliquescence.

The other possibility is that Dostoevsky conceived himself to be the ludicrous and tiresome Foma Fomitch. Here Dostoevsky may have dipped his pen into the ink of his suffering in prison. Foma Fomitch is a Double. This grizzled and insignificant pedant with a wart on his chin, a hook nose, a sneering, imperious, little head sticking out of his open-necked shirt—how brilliant are Dostoevsky's physical descriptions—has the arrogance of the slave turned master. (He is said to have been drawn, with Dostoevsky's usual malicious jealousy of other writers, from the Gogol of the mad period). A bad writer turned toady, Foma had been the buffoon in the family of a General who played all kinds of torturing tricks upon him. Foma used even to be made to crawl round the drawing room on all fours. But now the General is dead and Foma, who had the sympathy of the General's wife and the other ladies in his humiliation, now dominates the household, ruling it like a martinet, terrifying everyone by his tongue and reigning by his stinging exploitation of human weakness. He has become the casuist of abasement. There is a wonderfully comic scene, when Foma turns the tables on Rostanev who is the master of the house and has been trying to get rid of him. Foma soon has Rostanev begging for forgiveness; and, relentlessly sure of himself, goes on to bully the master into giving him the title, Your Excellency.

> "Well, if I am worthy of it, why will you not say 'Your Excellency' to me?"
>
> "Foma, I will, perhaps."
>
> "But I insist. I see how hard it is for you, that is why I insist. That sacrifice on your side will be the first step in your moral victory; for—don't forget it—you will have to gain a series of moral victories to be on a level with me: you must conquer yourself, and only then I shall feel certain of your sincerity."
>
> "Tomorrow then I will call you 'Your Excellency' Foma."
>
> "Not tomorrow, Colonel, tomorrow can take care of itself. I insist that you now at once address me as 'Your Excellency.'"
>
> "Certainly, Foma, I am ready; only what do you mean by 'at once' Foma?"
>
> "Why not, at once or are you ashamed? That's an insult to me if you are ashamed."
>
> "Oh well, if you like Foma. I am ready. . . . I am proud to do so, indeed; only its queer Foma, apropos of nothing. 'Good day, Your Excellency.' You see, one can't."

Until, arguing word by word, winning inch by inch, Foma has the Colonel apologising, blushing, bowing and uttering the words. Having succeeded Foma doesn't want the success. He merely wants to demonstrate his power.

Foma is a little monster. He tortures the serfs by educating them, which they hate, but he educates only for the pleasure of seeing simple people tie themselves into knots. He finds out their secrets and then bullies them. One pretty young boy who has become the lapdog of the General's widow is a special victim. Foma discovers that the boy has only one dream: he always dreams of a white bull. No day is complete until Foma works up a scene about the feeble-mindedness of those who have only one dream. And yet, at the end of the book, when Foma is defeated and exposed, he is still triumphant. For after all, since everyone is happy now they are free of his tyranny, isn't he, in some way, the creator of their happiness? If he hadn't slandered the lovers, how would they have pulled themselves together and declared themselves? And so everyone cries out "Hurrah for Foma"; even the lovers he has nearly ruined; and Foma, with delighted vanity, leads the cheering.

The richness of Dostoevsky as a writer arises from the fertile uncertainty of his moods. A comic theme may become serious and then, transformed, become comic once more. The tragic theme may produce its comic undercurrent. As André Gide says, the schizophrenic has two contrasting personalities which operate at different times; but the double roles in Dostoevsky's characters operate simultaneously: love and hate, pride and abasement, cruelty and tenderness are not mingled but appear dramatically, incongruously together. Foma's defeat is an ecstasy. The effect is, of course, the notorious note of self-parody in Dostoevsky's writing, and yet those very parodies break off and assume a serious artistic life. We shall see Foma become, perhaps, Smerdyakov; in the meek Shatov we shall find a successor of the comic Colonel. The hysteric can laugh and weep at will. This inconsequence of mood has been an overwhelming advantage to Dostoevsky as a didactic writer, for it has taken the deadweight out of his teaching and has launched it on the confusing, chopping and changing currents of individual human life. Dostoevsky is able to catch the *process* of believing as it first stirs the entrails, as it breaks down the unity of personality: for his characters have all this dramatic propensity for turning into the opposite of themselves. One believes in their believing because, like the comic characters of Dickens, they live in the mania of the human solitude. The maniacal solitariness is all the more convincing because of the gregariousness of his people. A new character enters with his soul on his sleeve, but he brings all his quarrelling relations, his picaresque family history with him, and can be almost heard blatantly proposing a new novel. All the books are packed with short biographies and each dives with shameless irrelevance into the past. How important it is that Dostoevsky's psychological interests should be narrow—as I think they are if we compare them with Balzac's—for without those narrow paths, there would be no way through the hundreds of human lives that come on us in all their physical frankness, suddenly, overpoweringly, like figures appearing dramatically out of a fog with the rime upon them.

The second tale in the present volume was not finished. It has two things which have the mark of Dostoevsky's genius. The first is the portrait of a drunken cornet player, who is tortured by the delusion that he is a great violinist, and who is driven to drink and the ruin of his wife and child, by his failure as an artist. Not only is this incomparably solid, raw and touching, but it is frightening too: Dostoevsky knew the artist's nightmare dread of failure, his fanatical isolation. But the richness comes from the knowledge of souls. The story is told as a reminiscence of childhood by a young girl and the wrong judgment of a child's mind give dimension, the sense of the ceaselessness and insolubility of human illusions. In Dostoevsky there is no time: time is simply the catalogue of illusion. For the child the tragedy is that she hated the wrong parent, and the tragedy of the father's life becomes more terrible when she realises she was deceived by him. The second and very astonishing distinction of this tale, is the story of this child's passionate, sensual love for a nobleman's child of the same age, a love affair inflected by all those sensuous desires for suffering, those agonising entreaties, those wars of pride in the heart and those lyrical ecstasies, which are seen in Dostoevsky's descriptions of adult love, and which seem more fitted to the mute, watchful, remorseless lives of children.

Putting these stories down, glancing afterwards at the great works, one concludes that a good deal of our talk about the necessity of form and so on in the novel, is nonsense. Dostoevsky is ignorant of all the rules. He switches from the first person to long secondhand passages, written without change of voice. He pants back and forth just as he likes; he appears never to eliminate. He is far too garrulous and can never resist confusion. He relies on the dramatic urgency of what he has to say; he enormously relies on character and "characters"; yet he never misses or mauls the finest effect of a great scene, because the whole thing is never finished in his own mind, and it is certainly not preconceived—except in the vaguest sense. Exhausting and exasperating as this may be, it brings to us the sense that life is overpowering, full of a darkness which only he, at that time, can illumine; that we live on the point of Judgment Day and dissolution. As a novelist he is like some face on the screen which gets larger and larger, coming closer and closer to us, until frightened, exalted and perhaps a little disgusted, we are engulfed by the spongy, unhealthy face, laugh when it laughs and are submerged in its nightmares which shortly come to seem our own.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *A Friend of the Family*. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Trans. by Constance Garnett. *Heinemann*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Dostoevsky. By André Gide. *Secker & Warburg*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT

Our Plundered Planet. By FAIRFIELD OSBORN. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A number of books and articles has recently appeared warning us of the impending crisis of our civilisation, as the result of growth in population combined with the decline in the production of food. This is the best and clearest presentation of our predicament that I have read.

Through most of recorded history the human population of the world has stood at about 400 millions. In the nineteenth century, owing to the effects of the industrial revolution, assisted by the spread of hygiene, it began rapidly to increase, so that in 1900 it stood at 1,600 millions; to-day it is 2,250 millions, and it is increasing at the rate of 21 millions a year; every day we wake up to a world containing 57,000 more citizens than it did on the preceding day. It is an impressive thought.

Dominated by Nationalism and Communism, our two leading contemporary idols, States still exert themselves to increase their populations. They cannot, it seems, have enough babies. We must be numerous, they say, in order that we may be strong enough to defend ourselves in war. Yet population pressure has long been recognised as one of the major causes of war. In Mr. Osborn's view, the importance of this cause will tend to grow as productive land diminishes and populations increase, so that to-day "every country in the world is met with the threat of a common crisis." We are enclosed here within a vicious circle whose circumference runs: expanding populations tend to produce war, therefore we must all expand our populations in order to defend ourselves if war comes.

Meanwhile, man is destroying his resources with reckless prodigality. Mankind has always tended to plunder the soil upon which its livelihood depends, cutting down the trees, recklessly over-cropping and over-grazing and then moving on to the next patch. Hence, the spreading deserts and the decaying civilisations of the Middle East. But to-day, new-armed by science, man has become what Mr. Osborn calls "a large-scale geological force," that is to say, he is destroying his environment on the scale of a force of nature. Broadly, his attack takes three forms: he cuts down forests and therefore destroys the sources of water conservation. When the rains come there is nothing to hold the water which, instead of draining into the ground, pours into the rivers taking the top soil with it. Now "it takes nature under the most favourable conditions, including a good cover of trees, grass or other protective vegetation, anything from 300 to 1,000 years or more to build a single inch of top soil." Secondly, man farms wastefully, over-grazing the land so that the grass is destroyed, and taking crop after crop without adequate intervals of fallowing, thus further assisting the process of soil erosion. The internal combustion engine appears as the villain of the piece, since it has enormously increased man's capacity to exploit the earth's surface of forest and crop-land. Thirdly, he builds ever more and larger cities, suburbs, roads, factories and aerodromes.

From all these causes the area of productive land in the U.S.A. alone is said to be diminishing to the extent of 700,000 acres annually. Now it is estimated that it takes some 2½ acres of land adequately to support a human being; the proportion at the moment is about 4 acres to three human beings.

Always, hitherto, there have been new areas of unexploited land in reserve; but today none is left. People talk of Central Africa and the Amazonian Jungle, but these tropical areas do not easily lend themselves to productivity, their conversion could only be effected at enormous cost, while their torrid heat and torrential rainfalls make them unsuitable for human habitation. In any event the effect of bringing these areas under cultivation would be only temporary, since, if present tendencies continue, in a hundred years or so mankind would find itself in the same position as it did before they were opened up.

Mr. Osborn's conclusion in regard to America is that "the once apparently inexhaustible natural assets of this continent are now little more than sufficient to support its own increasing population," and in regard to the world that "if the present velocity of destruction of the earth's living reserves continues," society will disintegrate.

Two questions arise: first, why do these facts attract so little attention? There is a number of reasons. There is as yet no concept of world citizenship and it is hard for us to take an interest in what affects mankind as a whole. Secondly, most of us live in cities—in the U.S.A. 55 per cent; in England and Wales, between 80 and 90 per cent of the population—and the conception of man as a part, one among many, of a single biological scheme, whose survival depends on the maintenance of a delicately balanced relation with his environment, lies beyond the range of our imagination because outside the confines of our experience. But the most potent cause of indifference is the current belief in the marvels of science. Science and technology, people feel, can do anything. They can even provide a substitute for "the elemental workings of nature."

The second question is, what, then, should be done? Unfortunately, the answers—for there are two of them—are all too clear. First, within the boundaries of each nation to co-ordinate the use of the land as a whole under a single over-all plan. But such a plan is in the long run incompatible with the private ownership of the country's resources. Secondly, as regards the world, to establish a single over-all authority to take cognisance of the world's food needs in the light of its population, and to take steps to ensure the necessary correlation between the two. This obviously implies a world government and is incompatible with the continuance of national sovereignty.

The reader will be able to judge for himself the degree of probability that the necessary remedies will be applied. C. E. M. JOAD

SWEET THAMES, RUN SOFTLY

Mayhew's London. Edited by PETER QUENNELL. *Pilot Press.* 21*s.*

"I've worked the streets and the courts at all times. I've worked them by moonlight, but you couldn't see the moonlight where it was busy. I can't say how far the moon's off us. It's nothing to me, but I've seen it a good bit higher than St. Paul's. I don't know nothing about the sun. Why do you ask? It must be nearer than the moon for it's warmer—and if they're both fire, that shows it. It's like the tap-room grate and that bit of gas-light; to compare the two is. What was St. Paul's that the moon was above? A church, sir; so I've heard. I never was in a church. O, yes, I've heard of God; he made heaven and earth; I never heard of his making the sea; that's another thing, and you can best learn about that at Billingsgate . . . . Jesus Christ? Yes, I've heard of him. Our Redeemer? Well, I only wish I could redeem my Sunday togs from my uncle's."

Could anyone resist a book, rich in curiosity and information, that afforded snatches of talk like the above? Very easily. The book has only to be called *London Labour and the London Poor*, to spread itself over four large volumes, and to have been published thirty or more years ago, for readers to fly from it as from the collected addresses of Lord Curzon. That is precisely what has happened to Henry Mayhew's

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exploratory survey. It was published in 1851. The splash of five editions settled, and over that deadweight of a title there succeeded unbroken calm. If the average reader had heard of Mayhew, he couldn't find him, but probably he had never heard. He has had to wait for Mr. Quennell to fish him up, edit and abridge him, and give him the new title he deserves. *Mayhew's London* should insure against further sinkings, for at the worst it will keep him dry with Knight, Pennant and other London possessives: his real place is with the explorers, Dickens and Arthur Morrison, Cruickshank and Doré and James Thomson.

Some very dark corners indeed are probed by this trotter of pavements. He even explored under them. How many of his contemporaries, I wonder, were aware of that curious London tribe, brought to light in these pages, the sewer-hunters? The old open sewers could be entered from the river and investigated for miles. Along these, silently, armed with hoes, aprons and policemen's lanterns, the sewer-hunters or "toshers" would travel in gangs. Tunnels might collapse, rats might threaten, fumes might overcome, the tide might rush in sweeping all before it: locked gates could not exclude, or the threat of imprisonment deter; by day and by night the hunt went on. Iron, nails, scrap-metal and coins of all sorts, sometimes welded together into "conglomerates" too heavy to bear away, formed the coveted treasure, from which as much as 30s. or £2 might be picked up on a journey by experienced hunters. They were (Mayhew informs us) strong healthy men, florid in complexion, and remarkably long-lived: aristocrats in their class who, when combing the foreshore, would pass over coals or wood as perquisites of the "mud-lark." Mayhew found one of them—an "active, intelligent man"—in a tall old wooden court off Rosemery Lane, where a fight was going on below and the families were living packed two together in a room. As usual, the man talked; in his boyhood he had run away from a blacksmith and been rescued by a shore-worker:

> I tells him all about it, and he takes me home along with hisself, and gits me a bag and an o, and takes me out next day, and shows me what to do, and shows me the dangerous places, and the places what are safe, and how to rake in the mud for rope, and bones, and iron, and that's the way I comed to be a shore-worker. Lor' bless you, I've worked Cuckold's P'int for more nor twenty year. I know places where you go over head and ears in the mud, and jist alongside on 'em you may walk as safe as you can on this floor. But it don't do for a stranger to try it, he'd wery soon git in, and it's not so easy to git out agin, I can tell you. I stay'd with the old un a long time, and we used to git lots o' tin, specially when we'd go to work the sewers. I liked that well enough. I could git into small places where the old un couldn't, and when I'd got near the grating in the street, I'd search about in the bottom of the sewer; I'd put down my arm to my shoulder in the mud and bring up shillings and half-crowns, and lots of coppers, and plenty other things. I once found a silver jug as big as a quart pot, and often found spoons and knives and forks and every thing you can think of. Bless your heart the smells nothink; it's a roughish smell at first, but nothink near so bad as you thinks, 'cause, you see, there's sich lots o' water always a coming down the sewer, and the air gits in from the gratings, and that helps to sweeten it a bit. There's some places, 'specially in the old sewers, where they say there's foul air, and they tells me the foul air'll cause instantious death, but I niver met with anythink of the kind, and I think if there was sich a thing, I should know somethink about it, for I've worked the sewers, off and on, for twenty year.

From him or another Mayhew learnt also of lonely men attacked by rats, of rats fighting together and squeaking "like a parcel of drunken Irishmen—if you threw the light of your lamp on them sudden, they'd be off in a flash," and of the race of wild hogs living up Hampstead way, descendants of a sow that had once slipped in from the street. But these last Mayhew rejects as apocryphal.

At the beginning of his investigations, like Burton entering upon melancholy, he divides his *street-people* ipto "six distant genera or kinds": sellers, buyers, finders, performers, artisans and labourers; and, again, as with Burton, classification begets classification, and anecdote is heaped on anecdote. Whatever Mayhew's scientific pretensions (and his wild passion for statistics has been severely pruned by Mr. Quennell), he draws a panorama in astonishing detail, and the liveliness of his contacts may be judged from the extracts quoted. Not much can have escaped that greedy attention. The nature and habits of costermongers, for example, occupy him for a hundred pages; their number in London (according to his computation) is 30,000; they sell vegetables, fish and fruit, wear a characteristic dress of sandy corduroy, travel with donkey and cart, mate at fourteen (only one couple in ten marrying), resist the police, converse in back-slang, cheat cheerfully, gamble magnificently, and have only such education and religion as will consort with a struggle to survive. Mayhew tracks them down everywhere, in markets and in the Vic. gallery, in country lanes, tap-rooms and "penny gaffs." They survive, jauntily coloured, an extinct species, in his pages.

Occupations less known and more hazardous than theirs are revealed by the hundred: a subsection or so to each. There are the purl-men, or river-sellers of beer, rowing out in the early morning or the fog, and announcing their presence by a heavy bell: hot beer and gin are their merchandise, the brew, called *purl*, having originally contained wormwood. There are the milk-sellers in St. James's Park and the pedlars of birds' nests and snakes in Dalston. Pure-finders collect the excrement of dogs, which they sell to tanyards, and the trade has been found lucrative enough to attract pure-fakers, who adulterate their pickings with old mortar. The Fantoccini man wears a frock-coat and perambulates a marionette theatre, having an entry also into the best drawing-rooms. Water-carriers delivered water from the nearest pump at 1d. a pail, the Silly-Billy brings from the fairs his clowning schoolboy in pinafore and red sleeves, and everything is on sale second-hand, from telescopes to tea, and rusty pistols to 5s. fiddles that will come to pieces when played. The enthusiasm with which Mayhew has discovered and displayed all these activities leads him even to such individuals as Her Majesty's Bug-destroyer and the blind ex-tailor who has taken to selling tailors' needles by a kerbside. His London streets—yes, Mayhew has really made them his—are extraordinarily populated, and personally I find it difficult to open this book anywhere without reading on for fifty pages. One of his great merits as a writer is that, possessed of an omnivorous and sympathetic eye, he is content to remain a reporter. Mayhew never insists on our disgust or pity, and he never displays himself.

What sort of man was he, this tough peripatetic? The D.N.B. gives a few facts: one of three literary brothers, he made a name with popular novels and stage farces, helped to found and edit *Punch*, dabbled in popular science, was the author of the song "Villikins and his Dinah," and also of a biography of Luther—"the bulk of his work," remarks Mr. Quennell, "was ephemeral." From the frontispiece the strong heavy features and the hard stare seem to impress a quizzical alertness: this might be a prison governor with challenging views or an unusually intelligent actor of heavy parts. One can understand that he would not easily be put off. Many years of his life must have been spent in the

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philanthropic muck-raking that produced his one remarkable book, and its riches have been by no means exhausted, it would seem, in Mr. Quennell's selection. He quotes several admirable passages for which room has not been found in the body of the text (itself 550 pages long), and has omitted entire a final volume, published in 1862, and dealing with the lives of prostitutes, thieves, swindlers and beggars. I hope and suppose that Mr. Quennell, to whom we owe much already, is keeping this material for a second fat volume. Mayhew has been established and requires no less. G. W. STONIER

TRUSTEES

Australia in New Guinea. By L. P. MAIR. *Christophers.* 18*s.*

Dr. Lucy Mair is unusually qualified to write this study, for she combines being an anthropologist and an expert in comparative colonial government. Knowledge renders her reasonable in judgment, she does not expect wonders from an inexperienced Australian administration; but she is critical too, for she knows what can be done under the impulse of intelligent policy. That impulse was given officially by a statement of 1945 promising better health, better education and greater participation by the natives in their own government. But whether it will come to anything will depend on public opinion, which in Australia has been quite unaccustomed to regarding native interests as having any importance. This book is important in its own right and will serve New Guinea well if it is read and digested by all who are interested in Pacific affairs. Especially by the staff and members of the Trusteeship Council, some of whom have, up to now, displayed an ignorance so startling that one is tempted to think it must be assumed.

Dr. Mair is not an anthropologist who believes that dependent peoples can escape the impact of imperial power. She belongs to the modern school who seek to devise a gear-changing system that may save the mechanism of island civilisation from being ground to splinters. The fundamental problems of New Guinea are the same as those of other colonial areas; alien conquest, race bars, loss of tribal land, unfamiliar and meaningless labour, a staggering new religion preached by missionaries and unpractised by settlers. The archipelagos called "New Guinea" have suffered from a number of evils: from shortage of manpower, which has led to the bad system of indentured labour: from the social fragility of a million and a half people divided by seas and mountains into many small nations (there are 86 languages numbered, so far): from a devastating war in which their lives were ruined by both Japanese and Allies, and in which very many were killed by famine.

Dr. Mair treats such questions as native administration, labour conditions, health, farming and mining; in doing so her method is to set the older Australian territory and the mandated islands, side by side. Since Australia ruled Papua from 1906, and only fell heir to Germany in New Guinea in 1919, it would have seemed natural for her after that experience to set up a more advanced government in New Guinea. The contrary was true. Papua was ruled for long by Sir Hubert Murray, a great governor of the paternal type, whose habit of mind made him protect the people from the worst abuses of colonial settlement. Dr. Mair criticises her government as being too static, governing the natives for their good but absolutely. But detail by detail, except in health services, Papua compares favourably with its richer neighbour. New Guinea inherited German brutality. Unfortunately, the German plantations were granted to Australian veterans of the first world war, indisposable elsewhere. Gold was discovered in 1926, and there was the usual influx of avid toughs, who abused native labour and even, in the early stages, stole native food. The death-rate in some of the mines was appalling. Dr. Mair, who is scrupulously fair, gives full marks to some officials who tried to stem the tide of exploitation. But the facts she quotes speak for themselves. And good officials were faced with bad customs, and a public opinion recorded in the only passage where the author abandons her normal quietly dignified style:

> New Guinea residents, pinning their faith to "Bashing the coons," as the only sound basis of race relations, regard the "Humanitarian" attitude of Papuans as pure hypocrisy. If brought up against ocular proof that it exists, as some were when the two services were amalgamated after 1942, they exclaim in exasperation, "You bloody Papuans, all you think of is the bloody coon."

The difficulties of ruling peoples so diverse, so primitive, and so few are clearly great. But it would be far easier for Australia to make a job of her dependent territories if she adopted a hard policy of trusteeship, taught her people to accept it as good faith and good sense, and thus strengthened the arm of her officials. "Ill fares the land," and the system which breaks old tribal rhythms and substitutes nothing but ill-paid, unskilled plantation work for a white master who can get you jailed if you fall into dispair with homesickness and leave his barracks: which imposes strange law and gives you no share in deciding it or responsibility for carrying it out, will certainly be one under which men decay. And it cannot long be one under which wealth accumulates, even for owners of gold-mines. Dr. Mair, who contrives to suggest many possible reforms in her account of conditions, is clearly of opinion that the first ought to be the cessation of indentured labour with penal sanctions. Thus, in discussing the mandatory reports of desertion, she says:

> Much closer analysis would be necessary before one could conclude with any certainty how far desertions are due to actual ill-treatment while at work, and how far they are the inevitable reaction to a system which imposes on thousands of natives a severance of all family and social ties as prolonged and complete as that of the most hardly-used prisoners of war.

The end of indenture may be the acid test of the sincerity of Australian trusteeship.

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courage of Irish-American shopgirls. Obviously, both books seem to imply, the safest place lies in between the two.

But let us not sniff at either of them. Miss Thompson knows very well the world that still passes for civilised, the neat little houses with laurel bushes either side the front doors, with the "Regency" writing tables against the pretty wall-papers; she can transmit to you the pleasure to be had from good clothes and good food, she can laugh at the silliness of promiscuous husbands and of Chelsea "characters" who haunt the pubs in the King's Road yet cannot bring themselves to wash up their dishes. Above all, she is intensely feminine, almost what used to be called "feminist" in her outlook.

What woman, for instance, but will applaud her attitude towards the sad loves of Sally and Simon? Sally dotes on her husband. Sally is lovely, rare, a pearl cast before the attractive swine who, to gratify his restless vanity, "betrays her" (a phrase that should range the wives of England permanently on Miss Thompson's side) with women far less desirable than herself. Just as all blame must be denied Sally, no hint allowed that it may sometimes be the wife's fault if a husband's exasperated eye begins to stray, so all heart must be denied the culprit, all impulses save lechery, and stronger still, perhaps, a peacock pride. Real sensibility, or the possibility of goodness is allowed in Miss Thompson's world only to those males who are past giving trouble, or to the eligible unmarried ones like Richard. Such, at all costs, must be protected from designing spinsters; and here Miss Thompson rounds sharply on her sex. It is, I feel sure, a *volte-face* most of her readers will approve.

Nevertheless, it is a pleasant book, lit by flashes of shrewd malice adroitly done. How well exposed for instance are the boredoms of the affair with the Gaullist general in which Sally tries to find an opiate, or the imperfections of Ruth's figure in her nightgown.

Tomorrow Will Be Better is a book of which the *raison-d'être* is perhaps more difficult for English readers to understand. Margy is a character not particularly endearing; her disappointments hardly move us, nor can we share her infrequent triumphs. But the writing has that confidence which comes to a writer from the knowledge of an assured market. Evidently the American middle-classes, like the more affluent of K'ai-Lung's listeners, are edified by tales of lowly suffering and virtue.

But here again, one cannot fairly dismiss the book as a mere commodity for which we feel no need. Willy-nilly, at moments it forces itself upon your attention; sometimes it almost acquires a point of view—a daring experiment, this, in what has evidently been designed from its inception to be a best-seller; it even tilts on one occasion at that most substantial of American windmills—Momma. The description of Mr. Prentiss, for instance, giving the birthday outing to the dainty little fiend who had begot him, her chatter about her son being her "best beau," the old woman's maddening tragic desire to babble away at everyone she meets—here, in its saccharine irony Miss Smith's writing assumes a stature oddly disproportionate to the rest of the book. If her income will one day allow, let us hope that Miss Smith will give us a full-length study of old age. Judging by her caustic eye for the subject, she must have suffered it in her time.

With *My Love Is Stone* the fundamental difficulty of the reviewer's present task stands fully revealed. There presumably exist admirers of Mr. Chris Massie's somewhat gaudy talents, just as there is an enormous public, of which I am proud to count myself one, for the works of Miss Angela Brazil. But my limited powers of appreciation are inadequate to a proper judgment of *My Love Is Stone*. It seems to me to plumb depths of pseudo-Hardyan silliness hitherto unattained. Mr. Massie's previous work, *A Corridor of Mirrors* was made into a film of majestic inanity. I see no reason why some producer should not do even better with *My Love Is Stone*.

I have said that an essential quality of the successful book in the category with which I am here concerned is lack of pretention. This negative virtue cannot be attributed to the last novel. Unfortunately I have not had an opportunity of reading Mr. Jocelyn Brooke's *Military Orchid*, but a few pages of his new book are enough to proclaim a writer of natural accomplishment; and no doubt the warm praises which greeted his first work were entirely justified. In *The Scapegoat* however he has, I suspect, attempted a task beyond his present powers. It is a tragedy of childhood, told in a manner that evidently aspires to a Kafka model, but more often than not contrives to remind one of the late Denton Welch. There is the shrinking little boy brought up by a mother who is a very abstraction of close-confined feminity, and all the more powerful for being dead. There is the fascinating soldier in the first chapter, who reappears towards the end, to take off his shirt, show his tattooings, and encourage in Duncan that tendency towards stealing which leads to the final disaster. There is the wondering, stupid, disturbing masculinity and sadism of Uncle Gerald. . . . All this might have been all right in its way if Mr. Brooke had not encrusted his story with a fussy decoration of sacrificial stones and singings in the ear. Mr. Brooke may well do something important one day. Meanwhile one can only contemplate with dismay the baneful influence of Kafka upon so many of our promising young writers. Like Michelangelo or Correggio, Kafka is assuming with time the role of the great artist whose influence upon subsequent generations falls little short of the fatal.

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Thus, in Mr. Gaunt's opening paragraph, we have indeed a modern marching. The book promises to justify its title, and we soon discover that it does so most fully and faithfully, in a crescendo of falling feet which is reminiscent of the khaki extras who tramped across the stage in Mr. Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*.

He was a Dutchman with reddish hair, greenish eyes in which there was an intense gleam, a stubble of coarse red beard on his chin . . . His name was . . ."

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himself a line from Homer suggested by some passing landmark of the classic past. His name was Rupert Brooke.

Boots! Boots! Boots! Marching up and down again. Never was a book so aptly titled. Or perhaps one is reminded more vividly of some nightmare cricket match in which a hundred batsmen follow each other to the wicket, display their strokes for a couple of overs and then retire without protest into their Corbusier pavilion. And all the time appropriate background music is being played by a brass-band in the far corner of the field:

> You could not fail to notice, even as early as 1906, the thousands of taxi-meter cabs which plied in the streets of the world's capitals, ousting the leisurely horse-drawn vehicles . . .
>
> You might go to the "moving pictures"—the new form of entertainment which quickened the pace of life . . .
>
> The nations danced with a joyous absence of restraint . . . And then the shot "which went round the world" was fired—by a man called Princip at the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand and his wife in an obscure corner of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

Up and down they pace, out to the wicket and back again to the pavilion while the band under the elm-trees continually changes its tune to suit their period and their style.

In fact, however laudable Mr. Gaunt's intentions may have been, he has written a preposterous and perhaps a dangerous piece of kitsch. From his bibliography, and indeed from his text, it is clear that he has read most of the obvious authorities on this unwieldy subject, and I have no reason to suppose that he has made any serious errors of fact. Nor does he allow himself a single rash critical judgment on the painters and writers whom he parades across his stage. When, for example, he writes of Cézanne that "he was like someone who had opened a door and had not ventured beyond it," one may be exasperated by this wholly false implication of timidity, but it is at least true enough that the followers of Cézanne carried his experiments further than he had wished to do himself. Pedantically one might take exception to the solecism involved in Mr. Gaunt's description of Picabia indulging in "a whirling and meaningless riot of form." But the fact remains that this adroit popularisation eludes the critic in search for errors of detail. There are no *mistakes*, but *everything* is wrong with the book.

And yet, perhaps by some cruel impulse of his guilt-laden unconscious, Mr. Gaunt has come horrifyingly clean in a single surprising sentence. "As inevitable as the novelty of fashion was the novelty of art." The comparison sheds a wicked illumination on the author's attitude to his subject. Fashions in clothes are notoriously the arbitrary imposition of certain great commercial houses in Paris. They succeed each other without any logical sequence, even if they may correspond in some vague and intangible way to the "spirit of the times." Between the two wars skirts climbed up the leg and down again, not by any internal artistic logic, but because the profits of Worth, Molyneux and the others depended on the supersession of last year's fashion by a new one. And in so far as these annual changes of fashion were eagerly accepted by the wearers, this was because novelty was for them an end in itself. The latest was by definition the best.

To compare this grotesque dance of the marionettes with the painful, devious but *logical* development of twentieth-century art is a pitiful admission of Mr. Gaunt's unsuitability to his elected task. For his self-revealing sentence was no slip of the pen; his whole book is a succession of fashion notes, plausibly but airily linked together by a few connecting sentences. In these pages Cubism appears like an incipient bustle or a cloche hat, intruding on our attention for a few years and then, the novelty gone, subsiding out of sight for ever. Thus it is that Mr. Gaunt's favourite *trouvailles* are the impetuous statements sometimes made by artists in which they claim that there is indeed merit in novelty for its own sake. He gives disproportionate space to the Futurists because their attitude to art resembles his own. He writes justly enough of Apollinaire that "he was a sort of professional advocate of new intellectual products," but we hear very little about Apollinaire's admirable verse or of its effect on his successors. What is altogether typical of this book is that the illustrations are almost entirely photographs or portraits of Mr. Gaunt's victims, and there are virtually no reproductions of their work. In fact, what we have is a book of accurate gossip about a number of fashionable culture-heroes. The pity of it is that many of them were also serious artists, and that this fact may not become apparent to Mr. Gaunt's vast army of uninstructed readers.

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Geraldine S. Cadbury, 1865-1941. By JANET WHITNEY. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Children in Need. By MELITTA SCHMIDEBERG. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Although Dame Geraldine Cadbury was neither a genius nor a pioneer in the strict sense of the word, the unique part she played in the movement for the care of child delinquents fully justifies this very readable and well-proportioned biography. Her story is of value because of what she was as well as what she did. Her own happy home life was a shining example of what the nation wants for all children. Born into a prosperous Quaker family, she married at twenty-five Barrow Cadbury, heir to the great wealth and philanthropic traditions of the famous firm. The two rather earnest young people spent the first years of their married life in fostering those magnificent schemes of housing and social welfare for their workpeople which made Birmingham a Mecca for social reformers of fifty years ago and yet were anathema to many in the Labour movements of the time. It is obvious now that there were far more objections than they ever conceived of to basing improved amenities for the workers on the goodwill of the employer, but neither Geraldine Cadbury nor her husband was interested in economic theory. They were primarily moved by a "concern," in Quaker phrase, for spreading to others something of the blessings they had enjoyed in their own lives.

Birmingham had in 1905 just ceased to send its children to adult prisons or to try them in adults' courts; it was fortunate that Mrs. Barrow Cadbury's tact in withdrawing from all schemes for the benefit of her husband's workpeople as soon as they were launched, left her free to work for the delinquent child. As one of the first voluntary probation officers in the country, and later as a magistrate, she accumu-

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lated a remarkable fund of first-hand knowledge of the problems which contribute to delinquency. Her fame became international, and it is to the credit of the Home Office officials that they utilised to the full her experience, good sense and imaginative sympathy with unhappy childhood. These qualities were responsible also for the unique success of the institutions (a juvenile court, a Remand Home, two open-air schools, boys' hostels and a short-term centre for young offenders) which the Cadburys presented to their city: they are still models of their kind and have shown the way to timid local authorities all over the country.

One of Dame Geraldine's favourite projects was the Child Guidance Clinic for the intensive study of maladjusted and delinquent children in a family setting. Dr. Schmideberg's work at the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency is in a sense a development of this angle, but both in her approach and in her conclusions she is radically at variance with the Quaker reformer. Dame Geraldine aimed at giving every child, however handicapped, a chance to make good within an ordered social and ethical pattern. She never doubted the value of a religious background, she never questioned the necessity for training a child gradually to be responsible for the consequences of its own actions. Dr. Schmideberg demands for her patients, at least by implication, the Right to Happiness, whatever they do. "A child," she says, quite correctly, "wants to be loved for his own sake irrespective of his behaviour." So do we all, but life isn't quite like that and she gives no indication that a child has to learn this lesson some time. Her experience is wide and her sympathies deep, but she spoils her case by over-statement; for her the delinquent is always in the right, the unfortunate agencies who have to deal with him, the institution staffs, public authorities or social workers, are always in the wrong. She is, moreover, far too credulous (American social workers rather unkindly say of psycho-analysts that there's one born every minute); many of the instances she gives of the mishandling of children and adolescents, some, on no higher authority than the police court columns of the evening press, would look very different if the whole truth could be stated. Her attacks on bad institutions are moving, and no doubt salutary, but her general impression is far blacker than the facts warrant: the very real difficulties confronting bodies responsible for the rearing of "deprived" children are never faced.

An important gap in our social services to which Dr. Schmideberg draws attention is the failure to give constructive help to families whose children are neglected or going astray. But even on this safe ground she is an unsafe guide. The time taken to "change" parents in the Buchmanite sense is much longer than she seems to think. Even where the parents' failure is due to ill-health, or environmental causes, which can and should be remedied, it may be essential to remove some of the children temporarily from their care if they cannot or will not co-operate. Nor can responsible authorities allow neglected children to grow into thieves and prostitutes while social workers hover round the wretched home trying to cure mental deficiency or habitual drunkenness. The widely appreciated doctrine that no child should be separated from its parents unless absolutely necessary is capable of abuse like any other: strained too hard it can ruin probation and make nonsense of the whole structure of social services erected for the care of the child delinquent. It is a pity the two books here reviewed could not have been amalgamated; something of Mrs. Whitney's balanced and realist outlook would have made the psychiatrist's contribution of major value to the cause they have both so deeply at heart.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

THE DANCE

Arabesques. ALAN STOREY. *Newman Wolsey.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ballet, it seems, is entering on a period of inanition, indirect proof of which is to be found in the stereotyped character of the popular ballet manuals and histories produced in the last eighteen months and again in the extreme academism of its latest apologist. Mr. Storey's book, however, is dogmatic only in its somewhat arbitrary digressions and in its refutation of limply accepted facts about the history of ballet which have led to an over-simplified sense of its development. The illusion, for example, that it received its first impulse from the court entertainments of Louis XIV—as if there were no dancing at court before that period—is firmly hit on the head and the correct date established as 1661, with the foundation of the Académie Royale de la Danse.

The emphasis then shifts to the period of its domination by Noverre—here presented as a sort of Wordsworth in the æsthetic of the dance—whose manifesto fits in remarkably well with the general trend of European thought. But, curiously enough, the Romantic movement caused a hiatus in the evolution of ballet, and its immense popularity was only as an adjunct of the literature of the time. The Romantic ballerina—that garlanded creature with the etiolated legs—was not only the physical realisation of Chateaubriand's Sylphide; she was the physical ideal of every woman willing to languish and decline for the good of the cause. The white muslin dress worn by Taglioni in 1827 brought moonlight, the favourite Romantic medium, on to the stage in palpable form, and the use of the points (stylish movement), marked the apotheosis of the vision; the ballerina became defined as the desired but unattainable ideal woman, while her partner suffered a considerable decline in technical importance and came to symbolise man the seeker after the dream, incredulous, impotent and earth-bound. Romantic ballet, in fact, could only develop integrally when emancipated from the overwhelming influence of literature; hence its maturity in the hands of Fokine at the end of the century.

The book ends, provocatively but inconclusively, with a theory that the history of the dance since this period is the history of the exploitation of line, and the forecast for its future in the two main genres established by Massine, formulation of abstract dance patterns and realisation of dramatic scenarios in dance terms, together with some recommendations for the development of the latter. Many of the points made here are valuable. *Arabesques* gives us a theory of the history of ballet, and as such should find a place on the crowded shelves of ballet literature.

ANITA BROOKNER

Social-Economic Movements. By HARRY W. LAIDLER. *Kegan Paul.* 35*s.*

This is the only really comprehensive history of Socialist theory and organisation which is both up to date and available. It is intended primarily as a textbook and the material is so arranged. An earlier edition, *A History of Socialist Thought*, has long been difficult to secure and this revised and extended version, which first appeared in the United States some years ago, is both valuable and timely. We need careful study of the origins and course of labour and reform movements through the centuries—for, shirking nothing, Mr. Laidler goes back as far as Plato, More and Bacon—at this moment when a proper understanding of the nature of Socialism and of its history of trials and errors was never more

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